Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1873. NUMBER 12.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Book canvassers can find no more fresh and attractive volume for Spring sales than "The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe; a Cyclopedia of Domestic Economy and a Complete Cookery Book" Send for circular to J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago or San Francisco

AGENTS! A RARE CHANCE!! We will pay Agents $40 per week IN CASH with us AT ONCE. Everything furnished and expenses paid. Address A. POUTNER & CO., Charlotte, Mich.

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NUMEROUS TESTS HAVE PROVED N. F. Burnham's New Turbine WATER WHEEL TO BE THE BEST EVER INVENTED. PAMPHLET FREE. ADDRESS, YORK, PA.

CAMPHORINE! PAIN! PAIN! PAIN! The Great Discovery for the relief of pain and a sure and immediate cure for Rheumatism, Burns and Scalds, Sprains, &c.—Camphorine is unequaled and refreshing odor, and will not stain the most delicate fabric, rendering it a luxury to every family. Price 25 cts. For sale by all druggists. BURDEN HOYT, Prop'r, New York.

A BRAVE BOOK. What Woman Should Know." WOMAN'S BOOK ABOUT WOMEN, by a Woman, Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY. A book full of the kind ever written by a woman, and for every household, its commendation practicalness will create immediate demand. Notwithstanding the above is necessarily treated, it is written in a brave, pure style as will not offend the most fastidious. Lady agents never have had an opportunity to make money and introduce such a book. Circulars and sample sheets mailed free to applicants. J. M. STODDART & CO., Philadelphia.

BEAUTY AT THE FIRESIDE. UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF CRUMBS OF COMFORT. ELEGANT! GORGEOUS! BRILLIANT! Crumbs of Comfort, the greatest success of the Crumb Series, the pride of the fireside. Thousands of ladies attest and unhesitatingly pronounce it a treasure. The Press universally proclaim it beautiful, delightful, unexceptionable. Price $1.50. Unprecedented. Price $1.50. Agents will find Crumbs of Comfort for sale in first-class grocers, hardware dealers, stationers, housekeepers, etc., throughout the United States and Canada. H. A. BARTLETT & Co., Garfield's Building, Pearl Street, Cor. Pearl & Duane Sts., Philadelphia; 143 Fulton St., New York; 45 Broad St., Boston.

Ten Cents—Eight samples mailed free that will sell eight boxes dollars. Address Ebensburg who will act as agent. RANDALL & CO., 707 Broadway, N.Y.

RING CLASS MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week and upwards. Employment at home, day or evening; required; full instructions and valuable of goods sent free by mail. Address six cents return stamp, M. YOUNG Greenwich-st., N. Y.

Agents wanted for our immensely popular MAPS & CHARTS. Our large Map of United States, with beautiful "World" on reverse side; sells splendidly. Each Agents wanted for our new Charts, "The Virgin and Child," and "Christ and Children." They will find a place in every home. HYASS & LOMBECK, Map and Chart Establishment, 10 Lib-New York.

PRIVATE ADVICE TO Young Men! A Christian Physician. Sent free by the Secretary Reading Reading Men's Christian Association, Germantown, Penna.

THE NEW LIGHT RUNNING Sewing Machine the BEST in the WORLD! Send for circular. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., N.Y.

NEVER Enough. Nothing is more certain to lead to future evil consequences. USE CARBOLIC TABLETS for all diseases of the Respiratory Organs, Throat, Colds, Croup, Diphtheria, Hoarseness, Dryness of Windpipe, or Bronchial Tubes, Irritation of the Lungs. A certain relief, however taken, and should be promptly and freely used to check the circulation of blood, which is the first symptom of the attack, and will in a few hours restore healthy action to the system. CARBOLIC TABLETS are put up only in metallic cases, and take no substitutes. If they cannot be obtained from your druggists, send at once to 78 Maiden Lane, New York, who will forward them by return mail. Don't be Deceived by Imitations. Price 25 cts. per box. C. N. CRITTENTON, 18 Platt-st., N. York, Sole Agent for U. States.

AGENTS WANTED FOR BEHIND THE SCENES IN WASHINGTON. The best selling book ever published about the great Credit Mobilier and Bribteries. Congressmen, Senators, Secretaries, Successful Sights of the Capitol. It sells quick. Send for circulars, terms and a full description of the work. A. S. HALE & CO., Hartford, Conn. Chicago, Ill. Publishing Co., Phila., Pa.

GOLD WATCH FREE worth $20, given gratis to every live man who will act as our agent. Business light & honorable. $300.00 per month. Sales Sure. Valuable to Agents an hour. Everybody buys. Can't live without it. Must have it. No humbug. Address at once, E. G. ELLIS & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents wanted for 10,000 in One Month, our new book, KINGSTONE 28 YEARS IN AFRICA! Sells faster than all others combined. Agents are delighted with it. Sells at sight. Everybody wants it. It goes like WILDFIRE. Only $2.50. It is the ONLY COMPLETE account of the Arduous Labors, Fearful Hazards and Mighty Deeds of the PRINCE OF EXPLORERS. Agents should not be deceived by misrepresentations of rivals of high-priced inferior books. Send for circulars and see PROOF of the Great Success of our agents. Mammoth Circulars free. HUBBARD BROS., Philadelphia or Boston.

WANTED AGENTS For the great sensation of hygienic literature, DIGESTION; or, JOLLY FRIEND'S SECRET. Dr. Lewis' work is an immense success. Agents carry and precious health, and are coining money and doing a world of good. Don't hesitate, but address at once J. B. MACLEAN, Publisher, Philadelphia.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN JURUBEBA BLOOD PURIFIER is unequaled by any known purifier. It will eradicate, extirpate and thoroughly destroy all poisonous substances in the Blood and will effectually dispel all predisposition to bilious derangement.

Is there want of action in your Liver and Spleen? Unless relieved at once, the blood becomes impure by deleterious secretions, producing scrofulous or skin diseases, Blotches, Felons, Pustules, Canker, Pimples, &c., &c.

Have you a Dyspeptic Stomach? Unless digestion is promptly aided the system is debilitated with loss of vital force, poverty of the Blood, Dropsical Tendency, General Weakness or Lassitude.

It will impart youthful vigor to weary sufferers.

Have you weakness of the Intestines? You are in danger of Chronic Diarrhœa or the dreadful Inflammation of the Bowels.

Have you weakness of the Uterine or Urinary Organs? You must procure instant relief or you are liable to suffering worse than death.

Are you dejected, drowsy, dull, sluggish or depressed in spirits, with head ache, back ache, coated tongue and bad tasting mouth?

For a certain remedy for all of these diseases, weaknesses and troubles; for cleansing and purifying the vitiated blood and imparting vigor to all the forces; for building up and restoring the weakened constitution, USE

JURUBEBA,

which is pronounced by the leading medical authorities of London and Paris "the most powerful tonic and alterative known to the medical world." This is no new and untried discovery, but has been long used by the leading physicians of other countries with *wonderful* remedial results.

Don't weaken and impair the digestive organs by cathartics and physics. They give only temporary relief. Indigestion, flatulency and dyspepsia, with piles and kindred diseases, are sure to follow their use.

Keep the blood pure and health is assured.

JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt St., N. Y.,
Sole Agent for the United States.
Price One Dollar per Bottle. Send for Circular.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE BOROUGH OF EBENSBURG from 25th of February, 1872, to 28th of February, 1873:

WILLIAM DAVIS, Treasurer, ... Dr.

To amount in hands of Treasurer at last settlement	$ 130 10
To am't rec'd from Collector, 1872	3,195 50
" " " " G. G. Owens, Wh'lMr	149 75
" " " " John Lloyd, Sequestrator of Turnpike Company	480 97
To am't rec'd from F. H. Barker, Deputy Burgess	14 00
To am't rec'd from R. R. Davis	1 48
	$3,970 60

ASSETS OF THE BOROUGH.

Am't in hands of Wm. Davis, Treas'r.	$ 279 24
" due from R. R. Thomas, late Weigh Master	94 75
Am't due from G. A. Berry, late Burgess	15 00
	$388 99

Cr.

By amount paid—	
Work on High street	$ 991 95
" other streets and alleys..	598 04
Fire Engine Bonds	900 00
Interest on Fire Engine Bonds.	61 88
Fire Engine	942 20
Fire Engine and Engine House.	461 64
Lumber	101 68
Merchandise	53 58
Rent for Council Room, 1½ yrs.	52 50
Stationery and Printing	19 10
Clerk to Council	40 00
Auditing Borough Acc'ts, 1871 ..	10 00
Police and Constables	19 50
Boarding and Jail Fees	6 00
Miscellaneous	52 80
Commission on $3,613,53 60 2 per cent	72 27
Commission on $258.13, allowed by Council since last settlement	5 16
By amount in hands of Borough Treasurer	279 24
	$3,970 60

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding Orders for 1870 and years	$ 120 48
Outstanding Orders for 1871	10 00
Outstanding Orders sor 1872	112 79
	$243 27

We, the Auditors of the Borough of Ebensburg, respectfully report that we have examined the accounts of said Borough for the year ending Feb. 28, 1873, and find them to be correct according to the above statement.

WM. H. SECHLER, } Auditors.
S. H. DAVIS, }
Ebensburg, April 4, 1873.

$500 IN PREMIUMS! TWO NEW POTATOES! Bliss's Garden Seeds SELECT

EXTRA EARLY VERMONT. Ten Days earlier than Early Rose. ENORMOUSLY PRODUCTIVE and of EXCELLENT FLAVOR. 25 per pound; 4 pounds by mail, postpaid, for $1.00.

COMPTON'S SURPRISE. 826 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. A little later than Early Rose. EQUAL IN QUALITY. 15 per pound by mail, postpaid.

$500 will be awarded as PREMIUMS to those who produce the Largest Quantity from one pound. Descriptive Circulars of the above, with list of 300 varieties of Potatoes, free to all.

ILLUSTRATED SEED CATALOGUE, 250 pages with Colored Chromo, 25 cents.

A New Tomato, the "ARLINGTON." Early, solid and productive. Price, 25c. per packet. Five packets for $1.

B. K. BLISS & SON, 23 Park Place, New York.

STORE GOODS at PRIVATE SALE And Store House on Lease.

THE subscribers offer at private sale their entire stock of merchandise and will lease their Store House, &c., for a term of years.—Said property is at St. Lawrence Church, Cambria co., and has done a good business. The ill health of the senior partner is the only reason for wishing to sell. No better location in the county for a country store. If not disposed of by the first day of April next, we will want a good man to sell goods for us—one who can speak German and come well recommended.—None other need apply. Good wages will be given to a good man. Apply to WM. S. DICKEY & SON, at Glen Hope, Clearfield county, Pa.

WM. S. DICKEY & SON.

St. Lawrence, Feb. 14, 1873.-3m.

NOTICE.—We have no authorized agent doing business for us in Cambria county or elsewhere.

Write for Large Illustrated Price List. Address.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS No. 179 SMITHFIELD ST PITTSBURGH PA.

Breech-loading Shot Guns, $40 to $300. Double Shot Guns, $8 to $150. Single Guns, $5 to $20. Rifles, $8 to $75. Revolvers, $6 to $25. Pistols, $1 to $8. Gun Material, Fishing Tackle. Large discount to Dealers or Clubs. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bough or traded for. Goods sent by express C.O.D. to be examined before paid for

Especial Attention

The GUIDE is published QUARTERLY. 25 cts. pays for the year, which is not half the cost.—Those who afterwards send money to amount of One Dollar or more for seeds may also order 5 cents worth extra—the price paid for GUIDE.

The *First Number* is beautiful, giving plans for making Rural Homes, Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and a mass of information.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, opposite Union School House, West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

DO AS NEAR RIGHT AS YOU CAN.

The world stretches widely before you;
A field for your muscle and brain;
And though clouds may often float o'er you,
And often come tempest and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you—
Push forward through all like a man—
Good fortune will never forsake you
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember, the WILL to do rightly,
If used, will the evil confound;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.
In contests of right never waver—
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of Paradise savor,
If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes darkest scandals may utter,
And sirive with their falsest of tact
To injure your fame, never mutter,
But justly and honestly act;
And ask of the Ruler of Heaven
To save your fair name as a man;
And all that you ask will be given,
If you do as near right as you can.

THE STORY OF A SPIKE.

BY MURAT.

Thirty miles north of Salem stood, many years ago, the house and barn of Asa Cuttle, farmer and cattle jobber. He was a rough specimen of his type, but as true as steel. The world in his boyhood had used him pretty badly; but the death of an uncle somewhat enriched him in this world's goods. Cuttle, being naturally industrious and a hard-working man, contrived in six years' time to greatly improve the property, and with the aid of his two boys had cleared a good portion of the land. He therefore stood pretty high in the pecuniary and moral credit of his section. His eldest boy, Ned, was a strong, healthy lad of sixteen, and Charley, his brother, was but a few years younger. The remainder of Cuttle's "olive branches" went down on a descending scale from eleven to zero.

One day Ned and his father were in the barn piling up wood for winter's use. Suddenly Asa Cuttle put his broad hand on Ned's shoulder and said:

"Do you see that spike, Ned?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father can tell you a story about that spike."

"What story?"

"Sit down, boy, and I will tell you," continued the farmer, filling his pipe.

Ned quietly obeyed, and wondered what his respectable dad had to say to him.

"Your grandfather, Ned, was a hard drinker. He sold his land, his house, his furniture, and lastly himself, for rum. It was your Uncle Morris that bought the place up again after his death. I was born here, as you were, and always clung to the old spot. When the Britishers had their tea pitched over in Boston harbor to feed the fishes with, your grandfather went soldiering. The regiment he was in came this way, and the house he lived in, being then deserted, he entered it. Remorse seized him, and he picked up that rusty spike you see up there in that cross-beam. He was going to hang himself. Some comrades entered at that moment, and your grandfather did not hang. Reflection made him a better man. Returning to the house at night, he tied a piece of wood to the spike, on which he wrote these words:

"'This spike is not to be removed from its place until one hundred years have elapsed.'

"Well, when Uncle Morris took the place, the barn wanted a 'new coat.' What was to be done? Why, Morris took that cross-beam out, rebuilt the barn, and nailed the timber, spike and all, as you see it now, over the new beam. It is fifty-six years ago to-day since your grandfather placed that spike up there and was going to hang himself. Now, Ned, it is not likely that I will ever be at the taking of it out. You may be, or Charley may be. Now, remember, don't you ever touch it until the one hundred years are passed. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"And tell Charley and Agnes all about it; do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go ahead; split and pile;" and Asa Cuttle filled the barn with smoke from his black clay pipe.

In an evil hour Ned Cuttle stole a sheep. It was once a hanging matter. But civilization has somewhat progressed since those days, so that young Cuttle escaped with as nice a beating as New England's boyhood ever got. Shame drove him from his father's roof; and off went Ned to Boston with all he had in the world, a bundle and seventeen cents in good, lawful copper.

Ned Cuttle had been about thirty hours without food, and felt preciously sheepish. He was standing near the theatre door, wondering where all the gay-dressed, laughing crowd were going to, when a voice said:

"Young man, take this note for me to Beacon street; run as hard as you can and bring the answer here."

The man was gone before Ned could speak. He performed his errand, and was back, panting, in half an hour. He looked around for his sender, but could not see him. He next looked at the superscription on the letter—Mr. Francis Curdoy, St. Charles Theatre, it read. Boldly went Ned to the box office and inquired for Mr. Curdoy.

"What do you want?" said the ticket-seller.

"I have a letter for him," replied Ned.

"Who from?"

"I don't know;" and then young Cuttle told his story.

At this moment Mr. Curdoy entered, and the letter was duly handed to him by Ned. He read it eagerly, smiled, and, putting his hand into his velvet waistcoat pocket, threw Ned a silver dollar. Ned felt no longer sheepish, for he regaled himself on mutton chops and ale.

Next night Ned was at the theatre door again, hoping to earn another dollar. Well, reader, such things do happen. Mr. Curdoy did come out of the box office with a letter in his hand, and again sent Ned on his errand to Beacon street. The result was another silver dollar and more mutton chops and ale.

Two weeks after Ned Cuttle was a Roman—a live Roman in armor behind the footlights, with a lance and armed cap-a-pie. Ned had turned "super." Two years after, our farmer boy was billed as Marcellus. Five years more, and he was at the St. Charles under the baton of Mr. Manager Curdoy, enacting the role of Laertes. Good for Ned Cuttle.

It was the 14th of April, 1862. Ned Cuttle was playing that night his farewell engagement. He had never set foot in his father's house since the day of that awful beating. He had written to his friends and told them he was doing well, and that was all.

Asa Cuttle and Martha his wife were now dead. Charley had gone to China, and Agnes was married and lived in the old house. The barn still stood, and the spike held good in the rotten beam. Ned had selected the part of Roy Roy as his "bowing exit" before the public. He had just dressed himself when a letter was handed to him. It simply contained these words: "The hundred years expire to-morrow at midnight."

Gray-headed Ned Cuttle entered the home of his boyhood after an absence of forty-four years. It was but little changed. The actor proposed to obey the wishes of his dead ancestors. Watch in hand, and axe uplifted, he stood there ready to strike the blow, his sister Agnes and her husband standing by.

It was twelve o'clock, one hundred years ago since grandfather Cuttle had placed that spike in that beam with the intention of committing suicide. The first blow was given. The iron did not move. A second and a third were repeated, and the rusty spike snapped in two, leaving a part embedded in the old wood. The beam was then removed from its position, chopped in two, and the remaining portion removed.

In giving the final blow, a piece of leather not bigger than a cent-piece fell out from a crevice in the wood. Ned picked it up. He examined it carefully. He saw that it had been sewn together, and was, in fact, two pieces of leather cut in circular shape. Opening them, he found a piece of tin, and on it these words: "Dig three feet beneath the spike."

Somewhat puzzled to solve the meaning of these words, the three at last understood that they signified that they were to dig three feet beneath the ground, a perpendicular line from where the spike had originally been placed by Grandfather Cuttle. A spade and pick being procured, the spot was hit upon, and the two men set to work. The ground was pretty hard, but at length their exertions were rewarded. The actor found a tin box, with a padlock and key attached; but the hinges were worn away by time. It was full of English gold.—On a piece of parchment was written these lines:

"I, Abraham Cuttle, bequeath this sum of gold to my eldest grandchild to be living when it is found. If not, to the next in age in succession male or female. It was placed here two weeks after I attempted to take my life. I found this money, I never could discover an owner for it. I request that it be expended in building a small school-house on the site where this barn now stands, and that it shall be known as the Cuttle School-house. May God bless you all. ABRAHAM CUTTLE."

The actor rigidly carried out his grandfather's wishes, and thus, reader, ends the curious story of a spike.

A DANBURY woman sent her boy down street for the following articles: A bar of soap, a piece of music, entitled "Waiting at the Gate, Love," three needles, a feather, a bottle of hair oil, the New York Weekly, a pound of starch, a mended earring, a half-pound of candy, ten cents' worth of lime, a basketfull of peaches and a paper of cinnamon. What the boy brought home was a half-pound of candy.

MASSACHUSETTS wonders at the rise of a Delaware millionaire who began his mercantile career as a poor boy "by borrowing $7 and investing it in apples." The thing that Massachusetts can't understand is how any one could be so imprudent as to lend $7 to a poor boy without good security for principal and interest.

THE Courier Journal thinks that a photograph album and a poodle are the only ties which bind most ladies to earth.

Don't Call a Man a Liar.

Never tell a man he is a liar unless you are certain that you can lick him, for, as a general rule, when you say that, it means fight.

I have arrived at this conclusion through sad experience. I know that it is not safe to give the lie to a muscular Christian.

I did it once. I am sorry for it now, as I never grieved for anything else in the whole course of my life.

We were standing on the side-walk, in front of the club, when I made the statement. We were talking politics, and men who talk politics, and get hot over it, are, to put it mildly, lunatics, or else want an office, or have some friend who wants an office.

This man made an assertion toucking the fair fame of my candidate. It is probable that if it had been as true as it was false, I should have taken the same course, because, you understand, a man who talks politics has no sense, anyhow. I think, I said this before, but it is all the same. I want to make it strong, and get you to understand how I got my ornamental eye.

I mildly suggested that a man who would make such a statement as that was lost to all sense of shame, and would be guilty of any bad crime.

He disagreed with me on the point. As for himself, he never made a statement except upon the most ample proof. My candidate was the meanest villain living.

I told him he lied.

I have been kicked by a mule; have fallen out of a second story window on a hard pavement; eaten green persimmons; heard Miss Blow read poetry for two hours and a half; skated, rode a sharp-backed horse of mustang parentage, an adept in the art of "backing;" suffered grief of various kinds, and still clung to life; but all of these are feathers in the balance as compared with the result of that little word liar!

Immediately after saying it, I sat down—not in the way people usually sit down. I sat down on the rim of my ear ten feet from the spot where I had been standing when I made use of the expression quoted above. I am not used to sitting in that position, and do not think it agrees with me.

I have heard of people who "got up on their ear," and walked off. I wish I knew how to do it, and would have propelled myself away from the spot immediately if I had possessed this happy faculty. I proceeded to get myself perpendicularly, intending to use the locomotion which Nature had given me, but when I came right side up, something heavy ran against my nose and I felt very tired. I sat down on my other ear. I like a change; it is too monotonous doing the same thing over and over again.

Somebody took my large friend away, and I was quite pleased when he was gone. I have concluded to look twice at a man before I give him the lie again. My eye is in mourning, my nose swelled into the size of a citron, with the color of a blush rose, and my clothes look as if they had been run through a patent sausage machine. I would not have that man's temper for anything in the world.

BILLINGS ON THE POODLE.—The poodle is a small dog, with curly hair, and hid amungst a good deal ov promiskuss hair.

They are sumtimes white for color, and their hair iz tangled all over them, like the head uv a yung turkey.

They are kept az pets, and like all other pets, are az stubborn az a setting hen.

A poodle iz a woman's pet, and that makes them kind ov sakred, whatever a woman luvs she worships.

I have seen poodles that I almost wanted tew swop places with, but the owners ov them didn't akt to me az tho they wanted tew trade for enny thing.

Thare iz but few things on the face ov this earth more utterly worthless than a poodle, and yet i am glad thare iz poodles, for if thare wasn't thare is some people who wouldn't have enny objekt in living and have nothing tew luv.

Thare iz nothing in this world made in vain, and poodles are good for fleas.

Fleas are good for poodles, for they keep their minds employed in scratching, and almost every body else's too about the house.

I never knu a man tew keep a poodle. Man's nature iz too koarse for poodles. A poodle would soon fade and die if a man waz tew nuss him.

I don't expekt enny poodle, but if enny-boddy duz giv me one he must make up hiz mind tew be tied onto a long stick every Saturday, and be used for washing the windows on the outside.

This kind of nussin would probably make the poodle mad, and probably he would quit, but i kant help it.

If i hav got tew keep a poodle, he haz got tew help wash the windows every Saturday. I am solid on this pint.

IT is reported that a son of Brigham Young is going to marry a newly established female seminary.

A GOOSE QUESTION.—A correspondent of Appleton's Journal is in a rather unsettled state of mind as to whether the contraction "don't" is really ungrammatical when used in the third person. The contraction "won't" he thinks more objectionable than "don't." As the former is a contraction of "will not," he makes the novel suggestion that it be called "win't" instead of "won't," that being more in accordance with principle and with the true spelling. For instance, "I win't go out this evening"—that has the merit of novelty, if nothing else. This writer is in as great a quandary as was the country hardware merchant who wanted to send to the city for two tailor's geese or gooses, whichever seemeth best. He sat down and wrote the order thus:

"Please send me two tailor's gooses."

But he didn't like the grammar, and was afraid he should be laughed at, so he destroyed that order and wrote:

"Please send me two tailor's geese."

After he had deposited the letter in the office, he was much troubled in mind lest he should have a couple of live geese sent to him, purchased of some tailor; so he returned to the post-office, got the letter out and destroyed it, and wandered two days in a maze of doubt and perplexity as to how he should ever get an order off so as to be understood, and grammatically worded. At last, in desperation he sat down and wrote:

"Please send me one tailor's goose, and, d—n it, send me another one just like it."

That hit the goose on the head, the man got his geese, or his gooses, or his one goose and another one. A correspondent of the Washington Capital, awhile ago, much exercised on this point, sent the story of the merchant to that paper for decision on the question. But it affected the editor like all the others who had pondered on it—pondering seemed to make matters worse. He said "the goose hung too high" for him. He consulted thirteen unabridged dictionaries, encyclopedias and learned treatises on ornithology, and found the question getting deeper and deeper the more he studied it.—His conclusion after much research, was this:

"Sometimes we believe the plural should be gooses, and then we don't. We don't no more frequently than we do. We will keep our inquiring friends advised of our progress."

"COMING THRO' THE RYE"—A NEW VERSION.—If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, oh! need there be a squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby, waiting on the wall, and yet she welcomes his approach with an unearthly yawl.—And if a kitten wish to court a cat upon a wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile, and not stand up and bawl, and lift his precious teeth, and moan and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love, that made the teller groan? Among the twain there is a swain—his voice is known full well—but what's his name and where's his shame, I do not care to tell. He's sweet upon the other sex, his valorous passions rise; he can't resist the tender glance of their seductive eyes; and so with groans and horrid threats he rends the evening air, and makes those midnight rendezvous impossible to bear.

If a body meet a body coming thro' the mud, and a body splash a body, need a body scud? Every highway has its crossing, none are always clean; so if a body's boots get dirty, do not call him green. If a lady meet a lady coming thro' the slush, need she frown to see some splatters on her silk and plush? All the lasses go a shopping when the days are bright; but oh, it is a tiresome job with gloves in such a plight. Every body has their trials, either dust or flood; but they should keep their temper down when coming thro' the mud.

THE brown curls fell with their wondrous grace, and the blue eyes met his own—shading the light of her beautiful face with a glory all her own. The moonlight stole, with a loving gleam, on the delicate upturned brow, and swept, with its pure, mysterious beam, down the soft arm's dazzling snow.—One hand lay on his loving breast, and one 'neath the lovely head; while the dimpled cheek to his heart was pressed, and parted the lips warm—red. On his shoulder floated the waving hair, shading the beautiful brow; and over all rested the moonlight fair, with its quivering silver glow. And he clasped her warm in his loving hold, and he spoke, in his yearning tone: "What is it my darling would have me told, little wife, my darling, my own!"—The blue eyes gleamed with a loving thrill, and a look so pure and sweet: "Our dinner to-morrow; O, dear me, Phil! has the butcher-boy brought up the meat?" When the sunbeam came with a loving thrill, and the air grew warm and sweet, and the moon had vanished behind the hill, the butcher-boy brought up the meat.

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut his tail off.

A VERY SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.—A San Francisco paper gets off the following good one:

Returning home late one night, a man living on Mason street disrobed without lighting the gas, and lay peacefully down beside the partner of his joys. Sinking back upon the pillow, he straightway raised himself and remarked:

"I say, wife, how's your pillow—warm?"

"Why, what a foolish question?" returned she; "my pillow is all right."

"Is it real warm?" he asked.

"Certainly it is; I've had my head on it for three hours."

Apparently satisfied, he laid down and was silent for a time, when a vigorous nudging in the side of his wife proved he had another idea.

"I say, wife?"

"For goodness sake, what do you want?" petulantly answered the sleepy dame.

"I say, you don't use hair oil, do you?"

"Of course not; you know that as well as anybody else. Do, for mercy's sake, go to sleep."

Another half hour passed in silence, broken by the solemn ticking of the clock in the darkness. Then there was another spasmodic nudging.

"I say, wife, you didn't put that calf under the bed, did you?"

"Gracious me!" returned the matron, "what is the matter with you? Of course, the calf is not under the bed. Will you never go to sleep?"

"Well," continued the lord, sliding his legs sideways out of bed, "I'm d—d if there ain't something live under here."

There was the sound of scrambling around, a partial upheaval of the couch, the quick gleam of a white garment making for the open window, through which it disappeared, a thrashing sound in the rose bushes outside, and all was still again.

The custody of the children has been awarded to the husband.

ANOTHER GHOST STORY.—There have been a series of ghostly stories afloat in the papers of late that exceed in number and marvelousness anything in the recent literature of the supernatural. These include the spectral urchin who affects the school house at Newburyport; the spiritual operator who has been sending special telegrams from the other world to some office in Ohio; the engineer who haunts the engine that he managed in his former state, and several other such casual or chronic visitors from the other world. And now Virginia comes forward with her installment of the unearthly. The story is this: A woman named Silla Summers was lying at the point of death in the second story of her house at Matthews Courthouse. In a room below were her husband, who was confined to his bed with rheumatism, and a few neighbors. Suddenly Mr. Summers arose in his bed, and directed the attention of the other inmates of the room to the fireplace. They looked and saw the word "Silla" spelled in letters of fire on a charred log. The name was visible for perhaps a minute, when it gradually faded out and disappeared; and *at that same instant a wail* from the attendants in the room above told that Mrs. Summers was dead. How we would scout at a novelist who would tell such a story; yet this story is told and repeated by dozens of papers in the South and East as if it was a well-authenticated occurrence.

PUTTING a hoop on the family flour barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an encore. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoops up on the ends of the staves, takes a deliberate aim with the rolling-pin, and then shutting both eyes brings the pin down with all the force of one arm, while the other instinctively shields her face.—Then she makes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove, thinking of St. Stephen and the other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling heroically for the mastery. He says if she had kept her temper she wouldn't have got hurt. And he visits the barrel himself and puts the hoop on carefully, and adjusts it so nicely to the top of every stave that only a few smart knocks apparently are needed to bring it down all right, then he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up over a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself, and then he gets the hammer, and fetches the hoop a sharp rap on one side, and the other side flies up and catches him on the bridge of the nose, filling his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears, and the next instant that barrel is flying across the room, accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor and rag is enrolled in the great army that is unceasingly marching toward the grave.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - April 11, 1873.

AT the State election in Connecticut, on Monday last, the Democrats and Liberal Republicans achieved a brilliant victory, electing Ingersoll (Democrat) Governor over Haven (Radical) and Smith (Temperance) by a majority of between 3,000 and 4,000. When it is remembered that Grant carried the State last November by a majority of 4,218, this is a substantial success and a triumph of which the indomitable Democracy of Connecticut may well feel proud. The Congressional delegation will stand, as in the last Congress, three Radicals and one Democrat, all the old members having been re-elected. The political complexion of the Legislature is in doubt, both parties claiming the majority.

YESTERDAY was the day fixed by the Legislature for the final adjournment of that illustrious body. We presume it did so, which was a consummation devoutly to be wished. It has earned for itself an immortality of infamy, and will long be remembered as embodying the most unscrupulous and conscienceless set of men that ever assembled at Harrisburg. Thank God! it was the last Legislature, as we fervently hope, that will ever meet under the present Constitution. We believe there is a better time coming. The Congressional apportionment bill just passed is represented as unparalleled in its enormity and flagrant injustice to the Democratic party, disfranchising and treating with supreme contempt over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DEMOCRATIC VOTERS and so districting the State as to give the radical party TWENTY-TWO members and the Democrats FIVE. In this infamous "Gerrymander" Cambria is connected with Blair, Bedford and Somerset counties. We will refer in detail to this radical monstrosity next week.

A TABLE is published in the Harrisburg Patriot of last Monday showing the majorities FOR and AGAINST license in the different counties and cities of the State, with the exception of Philadelphia and Potter. The former will not vote on the question until at the October election and the latter voted against license several years ago.

COUNTIES.

Majorities for License	58,821
Majorities against License	36,771
Total majority for License	22,050

CITIES.

The cities of the State, seventeen in number, are included in the foregoing statement. Their majorities for and against license foot up as follows:

For License	19,455
Against License	1,783
Majority for License	17,572

Only two of the seventeen cities gave majorities against license, viz: Altoona 935 and Williamsport 850.

The majority against a prohibitory liquor law in all the counties of the State in 1854 was a few hundred over 5,000.

THE notorious Peter Herdic of Williamsport, commonly called Pete Herdic for short, came down to Harrisburg during the present session and with his usual and well known appliances attempted to buy through the Legislature, as he has heretofore done, another of his corrupt private schemes. This time it was the erection of a new county out of parts of Bradford, Tioga, Sullivan and Lycoming counties, to be called Minnequa. The members of the House from these four counties were unanimously opposed to the project, but that had no terrors for a man of Pete Herdic's effrontery and well known resources. He knew well the kind of men with whom he had to deal and was fully prepared for the emergency. He corrupted and debauched the members of the House so thoroughly that his bill passed that body by a respectable majority. We regret to say it, but the truth compels us to do so, that Herdic purchased with his greenbacks a larger number of Democrats than he did Republicans, for the reason that more of the former voted for his new county than did the latter. Had the Democratic members maintained their integrity, Herdic's bill would have gone "where the woodbine twineth," but to their eternal disgrace they prostrated themselves before the money god of Pete Herdic and were "bought like sheep in the shambles." It is a sorry and a humiliating spectacle to contemplate, and it compels us to lose all faith in the virtue of a majority of the Democratic members of the last House of Representatives.—The bill then went to the Senate, but the opposition to it in that body was so unanimous that Herdic, knowing it would be ingloriously defeated, had it withdrawn, and thus his pet project of the new county of Minnequa sleeps a legislative leath.

Hon. R. M. Speer and the Extra Pay Question.

We allow no one to surpass us in our admiration for Hon. R. Milton Speer, the able, eloquent and popular young member of Congress from this district. He has twice redeemed it through his own personal popularity from radical representation, having first, in 1870, defeated Hon. D. J. Morrell, and doing the same thing for Hon. A. A. Barker, of this place, in 1872. His course in Congress has been eminently creditable to himself and entirely satisfactory, not only to the Democracy, but also to a very large portion of the Republican party of the district. When the bill increasing the salary of the members of Congress $5,000 was before that body, just prior to its adjournment, Mr. Speer had the moral courage and independence to vote against it; and for his vote on that important occasion we could not suppress the exclamation, "well done, good and faithful servant!" Mr. Speer afterwards, however, consented to receive and did receive this extra pay, and in doing so we do not question the honesty of his motives. For this we would gladly defend him if we could, but after full and calm reflection upon the subject, we feel that it would be impossible for us to adopt that course. It is very true that he was in no way responsible for the passage of the bill, for he voted squarely and manfully, as we have said, against it; but then the question legitimately arises, was he justified afterwards in availing himself of its benefits? We believe, in all candor and sincerity, that he was not, and that he committed a grevous mistake and one that will seriously affect his future political prospects. We speak thus more in sorrow than in anger, but it is nevertheless our deliberate and honest conviction. We may of course be mistaken, but such is our well settled opinion of the effect of his act.

We publish below a thin and transparent article on this extra pay business, and in justification of the acceptance of the money by those who opposed the measure, from the Lewistown Democrat. The idea, or rather the proposition, maintained in the article, that if a member would decline to lift his money it would simply remain lying in the Treasury until doomsday, is utterly absurd and preposterous.—As we understand the matter, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House controls the disbursement or payment of this appropriation to the members of that body. How simple a proceeding it would be for the next Congress to call, by resolution, on that officer for a report, showing the amount of money in his hands unclaimed or refused by the members, and then direct him to pay such monies back into the Treasury, out of which he received it. This seems to us to be common sense and precisely what would be done under the circumstances. The other positions advanced by the Democrat are equally fallacious and unsound. But here is the defence of this extra pay business, and our readers can decide for themselves as to its logic:

DRAW YOUR SALARIES.—Some of our Democratic exchanges, and amongst them (to our surprise) the Huntingdon *Monitor*, berate severely those members of Congress who, after voting *against* the bill to increase salaries, nevertheless drew their money after the bill became a law. Now, all this to our mind seems very absurd.—*Why should they not receive the money?* Fairly and legally it is theirs, and this by no act of their own. Supposing a member were to decline to lift his money—what then? Why, it would simply remain lying in the Treasury until doomsday; because, having been appropriated to a certain purpose by Congress, the Treasurer could not use it for any other. Thus it would not even help to reduce the public debt. But, it may be suggested, a Congressman might lift the money, convert it into U. S. bonds, and then destroy the bonds or present them to the government. Ah, but the moment he lifts the money, he is already guilty of all that is being charged; and making a gift to the government *then* would have only the merit of a *gift*—nothing more. Once he obtains possession of the money, it is clearly his duty, as a wise man, in the language of Oakes Ames, to "put it where it will do the most good," and that place certainly would not be the U. S. Treasury.

The plain view of the case is simply this: When a man accepts an office, he is bound to take whatever salary the law prescribes. If each officeholder were to set up his individual judgment as to what wages he should receive, it would create endless confusion in the accounting offices. For our part, we applaud and honor those Congressmen (including our own representative, R. Milton Speer,) who voted against the outrageous salary bill; yet, since it has become a law, we cannot look upon a refusal to lift the money as anything but very small captiousness or a very thin affectation of "patriotism."

AND now at one bound that talented youth, Freddy Grant, son of the President, leaps into promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel, with a yearly salary of $3,500, over veterans who commanded divisions in the late war. His promotion has been more rapid than that which a prince of the blood imperial in Russia or Austria could obtain. By virtue of his nearness to the republican throne his transcendant military achievements are at once recognized and rewarded. It is only in democratic America that a thing like this could be witnessed.

The "Prairie State" and "Lone Star State."

In 1850 Illinois had no railroads and but few people, while to-day railroads in that State are as common as wagon roads are now in Texas. Besides, she has a population of 2,000,000 of people, and her lands which were then worth but one or two dollars per acre are now worth from twenty-five to one hundred dollars per acre. The same spirit and enterprise which produced such a wonderful change in the "Prairie State" within the last two decades will in less time produce a still more astonishing increase in population and in the value of lands in the "Lone Star State," because of her superior advantages over, not only Illinois, but every other State in the Union.

To such as toil in northern latitudes for eight months in every year amid excessive heat and cold to provide enough to keep their families and animals from starving and freezing during the rigor of four months of winter, we say, leave your poor worn lands and go to Texas, where your stock require no feed except what spontaneous nature provides for them—where the soil yields abundantly to the slightest touch of intelligent husbandry—where you can plow every month in the year, do your plowing for spring crops in January, and your planting in February—where you can market your wheat seven or eight weeks earlier than in New York or Pennsylvania—where you can eat you strawberries and cream in February and March, and where you can feast on fresh and nutritious vegetables from your own garden during the whole winter.

Hundreds of thousands are flocking to the smooth and fertile plains of this beautiful and rapidly developing domain. What did for the "Prairie State" is now doing for the "Lone Star State"—railroads. Thousands are leaving Illinois and going to Texas, that broad land of wondrous fertility where Providence has garnered illimitable resources and where the poor man by courage and industry can gain prosperity, power and happiness. *

A Future Iron Centre.

It is supposed that St. Louis will one day rival Pittsburgh as an iron centre. While Pittsburgh is admitted to have the best coal facilities for manufacturing iron, she lacks iron ore within easy access. St. Louis is accredited with having the best iron ore within easy access, but lacks Pittsburgh's superior coal facilities. She will, however, it is thought, yet rival the "Smoky City" as an iron centre, for the reason of her ore facilities and that she is several hundred miles nearer the iron consumers of the west. Should St. Louis without coal, with her ore facilities and on account of being nearer the western market, ever rival Pittsburgh as an iron city, then will some city now in embryo rival St. Louis as an iron city, on account of having easy access to both iron ore and coal. In Northwestern Texas there will in time be founded a city in immediate contiguity to both of these requisite materials, of superior qualities and inexhaustible quantities. In Young and Buchanan counties alone there is coal enough to supply the demands of the Southwest for centuries. The coal in Texas occupies an area of upwards of six thousand square miles. In addition to these vast coal deposits, she has vast accumulations of iron ore, consisting of several species of hematite and limonite, with extensive beds of carbon of iron. She has easy of access, and in close proximity to both, vast accumulations of iron ore and coal, which will some day be converted into fertile sources of wealth. If Pittsburgh must yield to St. Louis her present proud position as the "iron city" of the United States, so must St. Louis in time yield the palm to some at present unknown city in Northwestern Texas. *

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, who was in command of the ill-fated "Atlantic," has made an explanation, to the effect that the disaster occurred in consequence of mistaken calculations. The northerly set of the ocean currents proved to be greater than he supposed it was; hence his reckoning was wrong, and the vessel was driven upon the rocks. If this is all the explanation he can give, it only proves that the loss of the "Atlantic" was due to the carelessness of the commander.

AT a meeting of the Central Democratic Association of Pennsylvania held at the hall on Broad street, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening last, a resolution tendering thanks to Congressmen Wm. McClelland and R. M. Speer, for their strict adherence to sound Democratic principles, in voting against Gen. Butler's retroactive bill, "popularly called the steal bill," was offered and after speeches by Gen. Wm. B. Thomas, Mr. John Campbell, and others, it was adopted.

A COLORED gentleman named Capier has been elected to Congress from Alabama. Having served nine years in the State Penitentiary, the San Francisco News Letter suggests that Capier has paid a debt to his State which sundry of his colleagues still owe to theirs. We know it is wrong to speak evil of dignitaries, but then can such men as Capier, Pomeroy, Caldwell and Kelley be properly classed as dignitaries?

THE bill allowing jurors two dollars a day and mileage has passed both branches of the Legislature and received the signature of the Governor.

INGERSOLL'S majority for Governor in Connecticut is about 5,000. Glory enough for several days.

Sad Stories from the Atlantic.

The New York *Herald* gives the following sad incidents in connection with the the loss of the steamship Atlantic:

Mr. James S. Merritt and his wife and sister, who resided in Thirty-fifth street, and Miss Scrimser, formerly living with her family in Forty-fifth street, were all lost together. The tale of this family is a peculiarly sad one. Mr. Merritt was a bachelor of about forty years of age. He came to reside in this city some three years ago from Poughkeepsie, where he had formerly lived as a merchant. He was a man of means and frequented the best society of the city. He became acquainted with Miss Mary Scrimser in this manner and proposed marriage and was accepted. On the second of April, 1872, just one year ago, the couple were married, and for their wedding tour went to Europe in the identical vessel in which they since met their terrible death. While in Europe they visited all the Continental countries, and about six months ago returned to Paris, where Mr. Merritt wrote inviting his sister, Miss Merritt, and Miss Annie Scrimser, a sister of his wife's, to join them.—The two young ladies started off alone, also by a vessel of the White Star line, and arrived in Paris in safety. The family then consisting of four persons, started out together again, visiting Italy, and finally arrived back in London, writing to the family here their proposed return by the Atlantic. They did as they proposed and left Liverpool by that steamer. They all met death in the same manner, and by this sadden calamity the family of the Merritts is wiped out as it were in one blow. Mrs. Merritt and Miss Annie Scrimser, both daughters of the well-known dry goods merchant, are said to have been ladies of great personal charms and accomplishments, and they were well known by a very large circle of acquaintances in this city, who will hear of this terrible ending with the greater sorrow that their youth and beauty would seem to have promised a long career of joy and happiness in this life. Miss Merritt was a little older than either of the two other ladies, but was also a genial and kind-hearted lady. Of all those who have been lost in the Atlantic no one's story is probably so sad a one as this. It was the first trip any of them had made to Europe. A brother of Mrs. Merritt (Mr. Scrimser) started for Halifax as soon as the news of the shipwreck had arrived.

On Tuesday evening a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and evidently laboring under strong emotion was anxiously asking news of the fate of the Atlantic at the clerk's office of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When questioned about the strong interest he seemed to evince in the fate of the vessel, he said that he was the brother of two sisters who were on board the Atlantic. The particulars of the loss of the vessel were not known at that time, and the anxiety of the young man was something very painful to behold. It proved that his name was Mr. James Rose, and the two sisters he was inquiring about so anxiously were the two Misses Rose whose fate has since become certain. The family was in good circumstances, and the two young ladies had gone over under the charge of another family. They became homesick and wished to return immediately, however, and they were put under the captain's charge by their friends. Both were very young and very accomplished. Such a death is a terrible bereavement to the family, for it leaves no daughter in the home circle.

The little fellow, the only child saved from the wreck, ran upon deck with the stream of passengers when the first alarm was given. His parents and other members of his family were still below, and evidently perished when the ship filled and fell over on her side. Hustled about among that struggling mass of excited humanity, the piteous screams of the poor little fellow went to the stoutest heart.

He had leaped upon the back of one of the men in the hope of saving himself; but in that fearful crisis, when everybody was intent upon saving themselves, few paid attention to the wails of the boy, and the man upon whose back he was clinging as if for bare life, made several ineffectual attempts to shake the boy off. The cries of the boy attracted the captain, who, seeing the tenacious manner in which he was struggling for life, called out to the men who were surrounding the lines that led to the rock and safety, to endeavor, if possible, to save the boy, and the poor little fellow was immediately passed over the heads of the struggling mass of beings and placed in the boat. Men who were exerting themselves to save their own and other lives wept almost for joy as they saw the brave little lad safely landed on shore.

Mr. Foxley, the chief engineer, says it was extremely harrowing to behold the sufferings of the unfortunate creatures, even after they were rescued. Many of them became insane, frothed at the mouth and toppled off the rock into the water and were drowned, while others were so chilled and exhausted with the cold that they laid down and died. Some died after they had been taken to the main land.

Two lady cabin passengers came on deck in the excitement. They hesitated a moment as if panic stricken, and returned into the companion way. Then they came out and endeavored to reach the forward part of the ship, where the passengers were sent ashore on the lines. At that moment a huge wave swept over the ship's quarter. The men clinging to the rigging heard two heart rending shrieks, and when they looked again the women had disappeared. These are only a few of the terrible incidents of the terrible wreck.

Young men as well as old became paralyzed, and as they clung to the rigging and the sides of the vessel they seemed bereft of all reason. When spoken to by the others to make some effort to reach the boat and save themselves they would roll their eyes in their heads, stare vacantly at the speakers, and ask them in a whining tone, "What boat?" Many again who were roused out of their berths had scarce time to put their clothes on and reached the deck to perish with the cold. One cabin passenger, a young man, came up with only a vest on. He clung to the ship's side as long as he was able and finally rolled off into the sea frozen to death.

A pretty girl sobbed bitterly as she asked about her sister, Rachel McIlwaine, of Plymouth, England. Another caller was Mrs. Mary McDermott, matron of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, who said she had a husband and two children on board the ill-fated steamer. The brother of Patrick Coughlin, of Westmeath, Ireland, leaned his head on the counter and cried. He would not be comforted.

Most of them had paid from their little savings for the passage hither of some loved relative whom for years they had longed to see. From the granite walls of the battery they had scanned the broad waters of the bay for a sight of the noble ship. Yesterday's news was too much for them, and the scene of sorrow in the White Star office was such as is seldom witnessed.

Among the callers was a young man in mechanic's attire, but of notably intelligent appearance. "Any news from the Atlantic?" he asked in a tremulous voice.

"No," was the reply.

"For God's sake, can't you tell me something?" he cried. "I had a mother and a sister on board that vessel. Were no women saved? Oh me! oh me!"

VIRGINIA peach trees are in blossom.

The Great Shipwreck—Wholesale Murder.

Since our last issue, the world has been appalled by the occurrence, on our coast, of one of the most heartrending marine calamities on record. The steamship "Atlantic" of the (British) "White Star Line," with over nine hundred souls on board, was wrecked, about two o'clock on the morning of the 1st instant, off Nova Scotia, and nearly six hundred persons drowned. Not a woman was saved, and only one child, if a boy of twelve years old may be called a child.

The scenes and incidents, as described by the survivors, were most horrible; but the reader can readily imagine the horrors attending the sudden striking and sinking of a steamer with nearly a thousand human beings on board, in the darkness of night, and in an unusually rough sea.

This fearful loss of life is attributable, primarily, to the steamer's insufficient supply of coal, and, secondly, to the carelessness or inefficiency of the captain and his officers. If a proper amount of coal had been laid in before the vessel left Liverpool, all of the hundreds of persons who were drowned would have been landed alive at New York. This every one will admit. But, as there was not enough coal laid in to last the ship to New York, it was the duty of the captain to exercise peculiar care and caution, at the hour named, in navigating his vessel toward the harbor of Halifax. He was near a very dangerous coast, and in very dangerous waters, as he knew if he understood his business, and should have been absolutely certain that his course was correct. But it appears that he was uncertain whether the vessel was heading right or not, and in this state of uncertainty, retired from the quarter-deck to his quarters below, requesting to be called if his advice should be needed.—Soon after, the vessel struck a rock near the coast and the great calamity which has shocked the world was, within a few short minutes, an accomplished fact. A grosser blunder in navigation could not have been committed. No excuse can be invented to release Captain Williams from his fearful responsibility in this most disastrous and sorrowful affair. But the Steamship Company cannot escape responsibility for this great calamity, by placing the blame upon the captain. If he was incompetent or careless, they should not have employed him. But if there had been good reasons for believing him a perfectly proper person to command such a ship, the Company are no less chargeable with this disaster, owing to their failure to furnish her with a proper supply of coal. Their evident desire to save money by purchasing a scant supply where coal was more costly than usual, and to save room in the vessel for passengers, was the primary cause of this great destruction of human life, and they and Captain Williams will be held by the world as guilty of the murder of nearly six hundred men, women and children, on the memorable first day of April, 1873. It is devoutly to be hoped that legal means may be found for punishing these people for this enormous crime. The future security of passengers requires that a striking example should be made of these great criminals.—*Phila. Sunday Mercury.*

THE settlement of the long strike of the colliers in South Wales, which has already been announced by cable despatches, was attended with a display of independence on the part of the workingmen that commanded admiration. A few days previous to the settlement the officers of the Union had appealed to the colliers to continue their resistance until they obtained their own terms, and was promised assistance from unfailing sources to enable them to maintain the contest. The good sense of the men evereame any temporary feeling in favor of a protracted strike, however, as the situation of ruinous idleness was becoming simply intolerable. The spectacle of the workers going to and from their work at the mills and forges by hundreds suggested to some of the cooler heads that it would be wiser for them to do likewise than persist in the vain struggle. A deputation waited upon the employers and assured them that they had come with serious and honest intentions to effect a settlement. The employers received them respectfully and assured them of their sympathy and encouragement. Many of the workmen addressed their friends after the settlement had been effected, and improved the occasion by administering advice as to their future conduct, all of them expressing a hope that the strike would be a lesson which would never have to be repeated, but would lead to a better understanding hereafter between employers and workmen, and to the growth of sentiment of good-will and confidence on both sides. After giving vent to their feelings in this way, a resolution was proposed and carried, accepting the offer of the company to return to work upon terms which would secure to them the restoration of the old rate of wages.

ANOTHER SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—The following, purporting to be an extract from a private letter from New York, was published in the Hartford *Times* of Thursday evening last: The lady of the house where I live was brought to New York by her father and mother (from Hamburg) when she was eleven years old, and with her two younger sisters, all of them charming married women, in this city now. It is an old story but vividly fresh in the minds of the whole family. One night, in this city, the mother of the three girls having been kept up by some household duties, had gone to bed about midnight, when, besides herself, the whole house was hushed. Scarce had she taken off her clothes and got into bed, when she had occasion to violently wake up her sleeping husband with this: "Do you know that my mother is in America? She has just been in here, but would not speak to me, and this moment she has gone into the room with the children? Go in and bring her out. How she has found us out at this late hour of the night I do not know." The aroused husband went into the next room, turned up the gas, and saw only three beautiful little girls, smiling, and sleeping in one wide bed. He noted date and hour. It is tame to tell the sequence. The next steamer mail from Hamburg brought news that the grandmother of the children, in that very night and hour, had gone to the Beyond. Did she stop in this city to bless the children on the way? Who shall tell? Strangest of all, to the unbelieving—shall I say uninitiated?—on the morning after the appearance the *three* little girls all told at breakfast about having "*dreamed* of grandmother."

WHAT CONSTITUTES GAMBLING.—Chief Justice Thompson, of this State, in a recent case, gave the following decision in reference to gambling: "Anything which induces men to risk their money and property without any hope of return, but to get for nothing any given amount from another, is gambling, and demoralizing to the community, no matter by what name it may by called. It is the same whether the promise be to pay on the color of a card or the fleetness of a horse, and the same numerals indicate how much is lost or won in either case, and the losing party has received just as much money in one case as the other parted with, viz:—nothing at all. The lucky winner is of course the gainer, and he will continue so, until fickle fortune, in due time, makes him feel the woes he has inflicted on others."

News and Political Items.

—A white buffalo has been bagged in Colorado by a white man.

—Three sea lions, costing $20,000, were received by Barnum on Monday.

—A wind storm in Kansas blew a plank pavement and a woman on it into the street.

—A young woman in Indiana has married the husband of her dead grandmother.

—A Cincinnati girl attempted to commit suicide eleven times without snuffing herself out.

—A father is under arrest in Worcester, Mass., for whipping a one year old child for an hour and dislocating its thigh.

—The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that a man can no longer be held responsible for a slander uttered by his wife.

—Ex-Senator Caldwell has forever withdrawn from politics. He enters private life again with resignation if not with Christian fortitude.

—Five men were killed and many more injured on Saturday last by a "fire-damp" explosion in a coal-mine near Abertillery, Monmouthshire, England.

—In the case of the murder of an old lady in Tennessee, who was found hung to a hog pole, suspicion has attached to her own son, and he and his wife have been arrested upon the charge of commiting the crime.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company contemplates laying two additional tracks between Pittsburg and Philadelphia the coming summer and winter, and intends to expend $19,000,000 in improving their property in this State during the present year.

—A woman in Spain gave birth to a consolidated twin with two heads and four legs proceeding from a single trunk. One of the heads was still-born, but the other lived two hours. It has now joined the collection of spirits in the anatomical museum at Madrid.

—Old naval officers, who are familiar with the scene of the disaster to steamship Atlantic, hold to the opinion that the wreck could not have occurred as it did without gross mismanagement on the part of officers. The matter will be investigated—we hope thoroughly.

—Panama papers received per Ocean Queen, report that the steamship Tropic picked up at sea a boat with two men and a woman, sole survivers of the ship J. W. Elwell, from Liverpool for Valparaiso, which took fire and blew up. These parties had been seventy-five days in the open boat.

—Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, has laid down a rule especially aimed at trades-unions, that no Roman Catholic can unite with any association requiring an oath as a condition of membership; and the sacrament of communion is refused throughout his diocese to Crispins and all such.

—The Belfast *Journal* says that there is a girl in Searsport, Me., thirteen years and six months old, weighs 220 pounds; 5 feet 5 inches high; that measures around the breast 42 inches; around the waist, 42 inches; around the arms, above the elbow, 16 inches. She is in good health and still growing.

—At the Borden mines, near Frostburg, Allegany county, Maryland, John Langley, an employe, while being lowered down with a horse and cart, the horse becoming restive, kicked the coupling loose, and all were precipitated to the bottom, 165 feet. Langley was instantly killed, being horribly crushed.

—The Countess Guicioli, one of Lord Byron's loves unlawful, died the other day amid the scenes of her early life. She was a remarkable woman, retaining her vivacity and beauty to the last. She was seventy-two when she died, and notwithstanding her free life, she never lost her place in society; which is not saying much for society.

—A citizen of Boston last November placed $1,000 in the hands of the Chief of the Police, to be loaned to working girls having persons dependent upon them for support. The sums loaned are to be kept twenty years without interest, and no security but the word of the borrower is required. About fifty girls have thus far been aided in this way from the fund.

—A terrible wind, rain and hail hurricane at Burlington, Iowa, on Saturday afternoon, caused widespread desolation throughout the town. During its prevalence, two adjoining houses were blown down and twenty-five persons buried beneath the wreck, seven of whom were taken out dead. The remainder narrowly escaped with their lives, but suffered severe injuries.

—A calculation has been made by Captain Williams, showing that the loss of life by the late terrible disaster, though immense, was not so large as had been reported. The *Atlantic* had on board 33 cabin passengers, 800 steerage passengers, and a crew, officers included, of 143 men. Total, 976 souls, leaving the number lost, 546. This may not be precisely correct, but is nearly so.

—A substitute for coal is promised at Sheffield, England, and one, too, of which there is an unlimited supply. Mr. Wright's invention for warming and lighting is already patented. In passing through a charged battery atmospheric air is corbonized, and thus combustible gas is produced which burns brighter than coal gas, and when mixed with air has a heating power which can melt copper wire.

—Only Vice President (now Senator) Hamlin, Chief-Justice Chase, Senator Cameron, Frank P. Blair, sr., and Gideon Welles remained of the associates of Mr. Lincoln in the administration in 1861.—Messrs. Sumner, Cameron, Anthony, Hamlin and Chandler are the only Senators who were in the Thirty-sixth Congress, and, excepting Vice President Wilson, the only members of that Senate now in public life.

—Pope Pius IX, who is reported sick, is now in his 81st year, so that there cannot be much hope entertained of his recovery if his illness be as serious as was indicated in Tuesday's cable dispatches. His full name is Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti.—He was born at Sinagalia, Italy, in 1792. In 1808 he visited Chili, South America, and engaged in clerical labors there for two years. He was created Archbishop of Spoleto in 1827; in 1846 Pope—so that the term of his pontificate up to the present date is 27 years.

—It is not by any means complimentary to the manly character that no women were rescued from the "Atlantic." Such disasters result in a "struggle for existence" without regard to morals or breeding. The men of the "Atlantic" are not to be blamed for seeking to save their lives, but the persons who sent the vessel to sea unprovided with rafts for such emergencies, and thus sent six hundred persons to their deaths, merit condemnation on this account as well as on account of the delinquencies which have heretofore been pointed out.

—In the county jail, in Cincinnati, a few days ago, Joseph Stewart, a thief convicted of burglary, and sentenced to a seven years' term in the Penitentiary, was married to his "woman," Samantha Barclay, with whom he had been living for seven or eight years past. The object of this proceeding was to bestow the name of Stewart upon a six-year old boy born to this couple. Stewart represents that his parents, who live in New Orleans, are wealthy, and he wants his son to derive the benefit of relationship, in the event of death giving him a chance.

—Moncure D. Conway, recently of Cincinnati *Commercial* the sentimantic creator of a whilom itinerant hand organ: "Edward Dunscombe, a precocious boy, was a few years ago an ambitious musician in Cincinnati. He subsequently removed to London and married a beautiful Greek lady of wealth and culture. He now resides in a palatial house in Portman Square, at the West End of London. This house mentioned in Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' who was some time a resident in—and is rapidly rising in the world as a leading interpreter of the social problems of the Future."

—The Cincinnati *Commercial* of the 29th day says: The wife of a workingman named Smith in Pendleton, recently gave birth to a male child, which is perhaps the largest and finest specimen of humanity in that locality for its age, and while Mr. [illegible] and others are paying so much attention to ugly babies, crying babies, and [illegible] babies, (of course there are beautiful babies) this youngster deserves more than passing consideration. This baby is only a week old, and on last Saturday it was *only fifteen and a half ounces in weight, inches in length*, actual measurement. He is said to be equal to his mother in all conditions, and gives promise of growing well.

IT has long been known that our currency has been counterfeited extensively all over the country, but few persons ever dreamed that more than half of the stamps current in the country are fraudulent. Yet this is the case, and the greater offense is the duplication of bonds by government officers. This is carried on to a great extent in Washington. Mr. George Alfred Townsend has recently had a conversation with an old copperplate engraver on the subject, who said:

"Do you know, sir, that the counterfeiting currency is renewed six times as often as it is? That is the case, and see the opportunity for its increased duplication in the art of counterfeiting. We could better afford to lose fifty per cent. premium and discount than have to deal as we do with the counterfeiting, which is beyond the control of the Government officers. The extravagantly high prices and the fluctuations in our politics and life lunge to counterfeiting. The duplication of the United States bonds will some day be the cause of an alarming matter that will shake the whole country to its feet. The [illegible] gan in the Treasury as far back as the war time. John Covode and other members of Congress made strenuous efforts to stop the issue, but they were gagged by the [illegible] party majority."

FIRE AT PARKER'S LANDING.—A fire supposed to be the work of an incendiary broke out in Parker's Landing on Monday night about half past nine o'clock. Friday morning it was discovered troying a large part of the town, and was first discovered issuing from the rear of Farrer & Tieft adjoining the Monitor House. The fire spread rapidly down the street on both sides, destroying about sixty buildings, including the Parker House, Monitor House, Exchange Hotel, Bank, Postoffice, Western Union Telegraph Pacific Telegraph offices, Express office, and a number of other buildings. The most valuable portion of the property destroyed was the Wilson House was saved by the efforts of the firemen, who did nobly. The loss is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars, but will probably reach that amount, the fire having destroyed the whole street as far as Morrison House and the Wilson House.

THE LAST OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.—Three of the vertebræ from the neck of John Wilkes Booth, dried and strung on a string, with a portion of the spinal cord in alcohol, are preserved in the Army Medical Museum (Ford's Theatre building) at Washington, labeled respectively thus: "Atlas." It is a little singular that all the remains above ground of John Wilkes Booth should find its last resting place under the very roof where the deed was done—not a hundred yards from the theatre where the fatal shot was fired.—Washington Chronicle.

A BILL designed to protect newspaper editors from improper and malicious libel suits was defeated in the lower house of our State legislature on Monday, the Harrisburg Press says: "No other measure has been expected from a set of men whom the truth is the most terrible of articles. All the late Representatives voted against it."

ON Tuesday week, at the municipal election in Oil City, the people elected nine of the twelve councilmen. The Titusville Courier says: "Every one of the elected was a tried and reliable man, F. M. Green, the only councilman in the strongest democratic ward in the city. None of the others can be objected to him. The majority in Oil City was 200 to 300."

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THE APOSTLE OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE LIFE OF REV. DEMETRIUS A. GALLITZIN,

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THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Friday, - - - - - April 11, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—For genuine California Vinegar Bitters go to M. L. Oatman's.

—High street has been terribly afflicted with the jakes for several days past.

—If report be true, Lilly's Station is soon to have a ticket and telegraph office.

—Five members of one family in Cambria township are said to be afflicted with trichinæ.

—Garden seeds warranted to bring a good fruit, go to M. L. Oatman's drug store.

—People who "went back" on hot stoves a few days were glad to go back to them Monday morning.

—Another fat in this place covers (not every) bone and Harry, and it ain't the most profitable root in town either.

—Look out for the Altoona *Daily Tribune* on Monday morning. Won't work any Sunday, of course, to get it out.

—If "Your Subscriber" has no other place than the grocery, we have no other place than the grocery, so to speak, for his brief items.

—Now that our Blair county neighbors have been deprived of their usual allowance of Holy Ire, would it not be well enough to import a few from New-ry?

—Hon. "Ingius," and other green hands, not excepting the *Tribune* local, in the Johnstown market Saturday morning, let Lettuce have peas.

—An Act incorporating the Bardine Literary Association of Loretto passed the House on Friday last, which we have heard nothing of it.

—Should the temperance folk may boast of the result of their local option efforts in the State, it cannot be denied that the Democrat *carried* after the first election.

—If the Hollidaysburg *Register* man should escape the "possh" he is seeking, he will be Over, Sherif, but we are not clear as to who will be the "multitude."

—Young Col. Jack's palatial residence on the mountain portion of Hollidaysburg is the admiration of every thing? Wouldn't the people of Altoona sound better, myself?

—William A. Wallace, and Messrs. Graham and Jonathan Boynton, formerly own 545 acres of timber land in Cambria county, sold the timber recently for $30,000.

—John Miles, of Gazzaport, has no barn and D. Watson & Co. have one horse less than they had a few days ago. An incendiary fire did it on Wednesday night week. Total loss $1,000—insured for $800.

—Hon. D. Hall, Esq., of St. Mary's, Elk county, father of Hon. John G. Hall, one of the members of the Constitutional Convention from this district, died very suddenly on the night of the 1st inst., in the 69th year of his age.

—Monitor House was among the buildings destroyed by the recent fire in Tat., and he proprietor, Mr. Patterson, formerly of this county, is out about $2,500, with only a partial Fifty for Pat.

—Your cash to M. L. Oatman and it counts on every dollar; but remember ready cash at the time goods are bought is invariably required. Mr. Oatman keeps no books and this is why he is able to sell goods so much lower than any merchant in town.

—A man who indulges in profanity while giving up or taking down stoves may console himself with the reflection that he is in a fair way of eventually landing in a place where all the stoves in the universe could nothing to the heat.

—Jaime's barber shop has just been entirely repainted interiorily, and otherwise improved and fitted up in handsome style, and now what first class barbers like Jaime and his competent assistants may be found of—a tip-top establishment.

—It is never safe to get on a moving train of cars. Ninety and nine times you may escape with the platform in safety and the hundredth time you may reach the track and the whole train pass over your body. The glory of your former success will be lost in the single failure.

—C. T. Roberts, Ebensburg's live jeweler, clock, watch and jewelry repairer, is about to still further improve his already fine store room by adding a beautiful addition thereto—the finest thing of the kind our people have ever yet looked upon. When we see it we may say more about it.

—A man named Price and Smith were struck by a locomotive while walking on the railroad track between Fostoria and Bell's Mills, on Tuesday of last week, were both severely injured. Being deaf and away from friends, they were taken to the Blair county poor house hospital.

—Our good friend and true, Conductor Jack Carroll, of Altoona, has, we are pained to learn, just buried his only child, a bright and intelligent lad of seven summers, who fell a victim to the demon of the nursery," croup. The bereaved parents have our sincere condolences.

—The District (Johnstown) Court bill has passed both branches of the Legislature, was signed by the Governor last week, the Court commenced holding its sessions on Monday last, but we presume is having been in a state of collapse for some time, that it would not do much with business.

—The finest display of wall papers that we have as yet trot out is now on exhibition at George Huntley's popular furnishing depot—all grades and prices. Huntley has a patent machine for hanging wall paper, the only one ever brought to this place, and will trim all paper hung without extra charge.

—Our farmer friend says that if he wishes to know about Spring being here, he has but to look at his three sons, who have patronized very extensively all winter, and who begin to betake themselves to other quarters at the very time when they are wanted at home to assist in putting in the crops, and set at rest all misgivings on the subject.

—The entertainments noticed by us some weeks ago as to be given in the Allegheny House on behalf of St. John's Episcopal church in that city, will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. We are sure they will be attended and well worthy of liberal encouragement. The best of home talent will participate.

—Our friend, of the Hollidaysburg *Register*, Sam'l Daw, one day last week, a boy named Samuel Dively, while hauling logs in Hollidaysburg, was hurled from his seat to the ground, and the result of his return to earth may be briefly summed up as embracing a broken leg, severely injured head, bruised body, and slight chances for being a feeble voter. He may recover.

—Jerry Donavan told us that he was going to serve up the first ice cream of the season on Wednesday night last, and we presume that he did it and did it well. He also just now supplying our citizens with fresh shad, which are about as nice in this way as ice cream, and a little more rarified. Go for shad—oh! yes and ice cream and all other good things Jerry keeps.

—Our big hearted butcher friend, Joe Gutwalt, will be glad to *meat* his patrons every Friday evening and Saturday morning in the basement of the Blair House, where he has just established a meat shop. There is no mis-*steak* about this, nor is there any about the fact that Joe is one of the most deserving "butcher boys" that ever wielded a cleaver. Don't forget him in his new "quarters."

—If Singer should attempt to sing he would probably prove himself a very indifferent bawl singer, and if Bolsinger essayed the accomplishment of a like vocalistic feat he would doubtless fall as short of success as Singer himself, but put them both together and give them a violin and guitar respectively, and they can make music that is really soothing and pleasing to listen to—at a respectable distance.

—Messrs. Simon P. Dunmyer and Jacob R. Stiffler, two of Cambria county's best citizens, pulled up stakes on Tuesday last and emigrated with their families to Kansas, somewhere near the prosperous town of Salina being the objective point. We are sorry to lose such energetic and useful citizens, but we know that our loss will be Kansas' gain, and as regards the gentlemen named, we hope the change will be all gain and no loss to them.

—Our editorial brethern all round the circle have our sincere thanks for their kindly notices of us in connection with our County Treasury aspirations, but we warn them in time that if—yes, *if*—we get to fingering the greenbacks they needn't be "bobbing around" this way on borrowing expeditions and expect to be accommodated simply because they "slapped us on the back" and said "go it, Mc.," when we went into the fight.

—Even yet it is a "little previous" to talk about garden-making in this high latitude, for a decided dampness still prevails to the depth of several inches, but it is not a "little previous" to inform our readers that the celebrated Landreth garden seeds, the best, as shown by actual experiment, that can be sown in this region, may be bought at the drug and book store of Lemmon & Murray, where many other elegant and desirable articles can always be had at the right prices.

—Township clerks are required within sixty days after the annual spring elections, to make out and publish a full and complete statement of the financial condition of such townships, under penalty of fifty dollars. In several counties of the State, where this law was disregarded, suits have been brought by the taxpayers and the penalty in every case collected. By observing the law, township clerks may save themselves and friends the trouble and expense of litigation.

—A. Strittmatter, Esq., of Carroll township, desires us to inform the party who recently stole twelve chickens and one rooster from his premises, that if he will return the rooster he can help himself to two hens, and no questions will be asked. The 'Squire feels the loss of his gentleman fowl more keenly than all the rest put together, and hence feels disposed to treat liberally with the thief. As the latter is well known, he need not be backward about accepting this generous offer.

—Subscribers to county papers will, after June 30th, have to pay a postage of five cents quarterly, as the free circulation of newspapers in the counties where published will be among the things of the past after that date. Editors will also have to pay postage on their exchanges under the new dispensation. We don't advise any one to pay a full year's postage in advance, however, for we much mistake the spirit of the press if they don't see to it that the next Congress shall wipe this infamous tax on knowledge from the statute books.

—"Notice to Tax-payers" is the modest title of a card published in another column by our County Treasurer, John Cox, Esq., worthy the perusal and attention of every tax-payer in the county to the amount of *ten per cent.* Those who pay their tax before the first of September next will get a discount of five per cent., and those who fail to pay by that time will have five per cent. added to their taxes. Of this all have due notice, and need not complain if it costs them ten per cent. to get their tax into the Treasury.

—We don't know enough about the topography of Altoona to tell what ward our mercantile kinsman, Al. Ward, does business in, but we hope all the other Wards and all the people of all the wards have found out his whereabouts and are making things lively for him in a business way by this time. Al. is prompt and accommodating, keeps a select stock of choice groceries, sells at honest prices, and is every way deserving of a liberal patronage. Inquire for the Hickory Brewery, West Altoona, and you'll find his store within a few steps of that establishment.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We learn with sincere regret of the sudden and unexpected death of our friend and patron, Mr. Peter J. Dumm, of Barr township, who died on Wednesday morning last of that remorseless disease, spotted fever, or black measles, or, as medical books have it, *cerebro-spinal meningitis*. Mr. Dumm, it is said, was at work building fence on his own property up to nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, when he took suddenly ill, and returning to the house, went to bed, where he lingered in great agony until the following morning, when death put an end to his sufferings. No community has ever been called upon to mourn the loss of a more peaceable, industrious and honest citizen than was Mr. Dumm, and we are sure that those who knew him will heartily sympathize with his bereaved family in their great and unlooked for affliction. Mr. D. was a carpenter by trade, and was foreman in the recent erection of the large addition made to the buildings at Belmont, in this place. He was in the prime of life, a stout, rugged, healthy man, and had every apparent promise of a long and useful life before him. He leaves a wife and four or five small children. May he rest in peace.

ANOTHER.—Yesterday morning about 4 o'clock a lad named John Ott, whose death and age is announced in our obituary department, son of a widow woman residing in this place, died of brain fever after scarcely more than one day's illness. The deceased had an attack of *coup de soliel*, or sun stroke, some two years ago, and since then has frequently complained of pains in the head, and it is supposed that this affliction had much to do with hastening his death. Johnny was a bright, intelligent and handsome boy, one of the best in our town, and his deeply afflicted mother and relatives have the unfeigned sympathy of all our people in their sad bereavement.

SEVERELY INJURED.—Mr. R. S. Rathbone, of Jackson township, a worthy citizen and a practical friend of the *Freeman*, was badly injured, we are sorry to learn, on Friday last, while attempting to roll a barrel of vinegar out of Mr. S. P. Dunmyer's cellar, in said township. It seems that he undertook the task himself, and when he had succeeded in getting the barrel almost to the top of the cellar entrance, his feet suddenly slipped from under him, and falling backward, the barrel rolled over him, striking him first in the stomach and producing painful injuries, and then fracturing both his upper and lower jaws. His wounds are necessarily very severe, but we believe they are not considered dangerous, and his early recovery is confidently anticipated.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, April 8, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—There has been a late arrival of negroes into Woodvale—an importation from Maryland and Virginia.—The number is about twenty laborers, with their wives and families. The purpose is to give them employment at the new tannery of Rosensteel & Co.

Adams street, in Conemaugh borough, is in a deplorable condition. The borough authorities attempted to excavate it, either for the purpose of building the Somerset railroad along it or for bettering the grade, but the attempt was a failure. The hill—green hill—slides down into the chasm as fast as it is made, and the bed of the street is full of water.

Several new houses are being erected on the Everhart property, at the old toll gate. There are also two new houses on Somerset street, all in the Sixth Ward. Thus the city still spreads.

About ten thousand tons of filth have been taken from the streets since the snow melted—all done by boys. That's right. Keep the rising generation busy.

Compliments to H. A. McPike. I would rather see him elected county treasurer than any other man living—and I have one vote.

The cemetery is donning its vernal garb, the larch is budding, the shrubbery is inhaling the spring suns, and all the evergreens are leasing a new life.

Improvement of the Public Square is still being agitated. If any other town in the State owned this Square it would be improved. It would be better to let C. B. Ellis, or any body else, have it than leave it in the present condition.

We have a new bank, called "The Cambria County Bank," that will knock the spots off Samuel Henry's bank. M. W. Keim is the cashier, and No 266 Main street, opposite the Merchants' Hotel, where Mr. Schnable used to keep good things to drink, is its location. Any printer who lives in Ebensburg and wants large notes discounted at a moderate rate can be accommodated. Here's a good chance, M'C——!

A profound question has been announced which seems to knock the spots off all the soft soap and hard soap teachers in this neck of timber. Wm. Eldridge found it in an old book, thusly:

"If 12 oxen eat up 3½ acres of grass in 4 weeks, and 21 oxen eat up 10 acres in 9 weeks, how many oxen will eat up 24 acres in 18 weeks; the grass being at first equal on every acre, and growing uniformly?"

One teacher, supposing that the word uniformity (*unus forma*) did not include the idea of increase, or aggregation, found the answer to be 21½; another found 25 3-9; and still another 37½; but if I were to give a rough guess I should say 37 and a fraction. The community has become greatly agitated about it, especially soft soap correspondents.

Spring is here. Last Saturday was a beautiful day and Saturday night had about nine hundred thunderstorms. The weather cleared up warm on Sunday, since which time I have failed to report.

Our District Court friends are now in another muddle. They want judges appointed, but there is no vacancy yet, and the judges will hold on like a blacksmith's tongs till an *ouster* sends them kiting.

PO YANG.

DUTIES OF SUPERVISORS.—Two supervisors of Cumberland township, Adams Co., were lately indicted, convicted and fined for neglect of duty. Judge Fisher, in his charge to the jury, took pains to define the duties of Supervisors under the statutes of the state, and from his charge we reprint so much as is applicable to Cambria as well as to Adams and other counties, under the general laws, for the benefit of people interested in this county:

The general road law of 1836 requires the voters of each township to elect annually two Supervisors, and they are jointly liable for the proper repair of the roads and bridges in their townships. They cannot divide the township, so as to relieve themselves from liability for repairs of roads and bridges in certain localities of the township. The two Supervisors constitute the board and their official acts must be joint.

They possess very large powers and are criminally responsible for neglect of duty. They are bound to keep the roads and bridges in good repair.

They should have sufficient ditches dug upon the two sides of the road to carry off all the water; they should remove all loose stones from off the road, and they should pike or otherwise improve low places; they should cut ditches from the road leading into the fields to carry off the water, and should any person fill up these ditches he should be taken before a Justice and fined. If the Supervisors permit ditches to be filled up, whereby the water is thrown upon the road, the Supervisors may be indicted for neglect of duty. Supervisors have a right to go upon adjoining property for stone, sand and gravel, the value to be fixed by referees. It is the duty of Supervisors also to make and repair bridges over small creeks and rivulets and deep gullies. If the Supervisors neglect to repair the roads, or to keep them open of the width the records call for them to be opened, they are liable to indictment.

Public highways, laid out, approved, or entered on record, shall be, as soon as practicable, effectually opened, and constantly kept in repair, and all public roads shall, at all seasons, be kept clear of all impediments to easy and convenient traveling at the expense of the respective townships. And whenever Supervisors neglect or refuse to open a public road, or to keep it in repair, they render themselves liable to punishment by indictment and fine.

Public roads, on a line which divides two townships, shall be opened, made, kept clear and in repair at the joint cost of such townships; and if either township in any case necessarily incurs more than its due proportion of such cost, it shall be lawful for such townships to recover from the other township the excess incurred.

Supervisors have power, and are required, at the expense of their township, to purchase wood, timber and other materials necessary for the purpose of making, maintaining and repairing the public roads and highways, and to employ, oversee and direct a sufficient number of laborers to execute promptly and effectually these objects.

One Supervisor has power to employ men to do the ordinary repairs upon the roads, but he cannot bind the township by a contract for the opening of a new road. Such contract is an act requiring deliberation and judgment, and therefore must be the joint act of both supervisors.

Supervisors have power and authority to enter upon any lands or enclosures and cut, open, maintain and repair all such drains or ditches through the same as they shall judge necessary to carry the water from the roads; doing no unnecessary damage to owners of the land, and repairing all breaches of fences they shall make.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.—Ballou's Magazine for April is issued, and a nice number it is, for it is printed on the whitest of paper, with the blackest of ink, and is now one of the handsomest magazines in the country, and filled with the most interesting matter. It suits all tastes, and even has a department for children, so that the little ones look for it as eagerly as adults. It is light, witty, gay and severe, so that all can find something interesting in its pages.—Every subscriber who sends the publishers $1.50 receives the magazine for one year, and also a pretty little Chromo worth at least 50 cents. The April number contains an exciting sea story, a thrilling adventure and several pretty little love stories which will please the ladies very much, for all of them end in marriage, as a good story should always do. The head of every family in the country should send $1.50 to the publishers and receive this Magazine without delay.—THOMES & TALBOT, Boston, Mass.

MISS BROWNSON'S "LIFE OF REV. D. A. GALLITZIN."—In lieu of our own promised review of this new work, want of time having as yet prevented our perusal of it, we append a lengthy notice thereof from a recent issue of the Johnstown *Tribune*. The scope and character of the work may to some extent be judged by this summary of its contents, but we are assured by persons who have read it that it contains a number of letters to and from the pioneer priest which are exceedingly interesting, especially to those who figured in his day and generation, besides a fund of anecdote and incident which cannot fail to amuse and entertain all who peruse it. The style and paper is not what it should be for the money, but to those who revere the hallowed memory of the great "Apostle of the Alleghenies," this will not prove an unsurmountable objection. The book is made up to a great extent of facts never heretofore published, and comparatively few now living have any knowledge of many of the incidents and occurrences related in its well written pages. M. P. Meagher, of Johnstown, is prepared to furnish the work by wholesale at publisher's prices, or single copies at retail for $2.50. If ordered thro' us, however, $3.50 will pay for the book and a copy of our paper for one year, or two copies of the book and paper to an old and new subscriber, or two new subscribers, for $6.50. Here is what the *Tribune* says about the work:

THE LIFE OF PRINCE GALLITZIN.—Several days ago we noticed the fact of having received from M. P. Meagher, bookseller and stationer, a book bearing the above title, and written by Miss Sarah M. Brownson, of New York. Since then we have read the work and feel justified in following the thread of her narrative and expressing our opinion of its contents. The life of this wonderful man furnishes a fruitful theme for the pen of the historian. The wealthy, educated son of noble parents in Russia; a prince by title, and having by birth and associations everything about him that the world could give him, he suddenly concluded by and with the advice and consent of his parents, to pay a visit to this country. At that time, near the close of the last century, civil dissensions prevailed in nearly every portion of Europe. A set of Godless so-called philosophers were the trusted advisers and intimate friends of several reigning monarchs, and although the sending away of her son to a country of which the most that was known then was that it had just thrown off the yoke of hated tyranny, and declared her right to be a free and independent nation, was a sore trial to a fond mother's heart, yet she was prepared to make the sacrifice so that she could remove her son from the company of profligates who professed no form of belief beyond the certainty that life was short, and that it should therefore be given up to what the world calls enjoyment. The ways of God are inscrutable. Little did that mother think, as she clasped him to her bosom when he was about leaving, that her eyes had rested upon him for the last time on earth, and that the Prince, whose heart was beating high in anticipation of the to him wonderful tour he was about to undertake, would be found a few years later in one of the dreariest wilds of Pennsylvania—an humble missionary doing battle in the service of his Divine Master.

The authoress devotes a considerable portion of the opening chapters to a history of the Gallitzin family. From her we learn that the father of the subject of this memoir was a Russian nobleman. He stood high in the favor of the reigning Czar and held many positions of honor and trust. He was not a professor of religion, but, on the contrary, his associates were Voltaire and other infidel philosophers. The mother of the Prince is represented to have been of noble birth—a learned, pious and virtuous woman—and it was doubtless owing to her example and admonitions that the mind of the young Prince was trained to despise the frivolities of the age. She procured for him tutors who were in accord with her own ideas, and while receiving a liberal education in all the advanced branches of study, his religious training was not neglected.

Shortly after Prince Gallitzin arrived in this country he concluded to enter the priesthood, and after pursuing his sacred studies under the fatherly care of the lamented Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, brother of Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, he was by him ordained. The mission chosen by the young minister was one that suited a person of his ideal and ardent temperament. For a time he traversed almost the entire southwestern portion of this State, and even attended to the wants of the settlers in a part of West Virginia. About the year 1796, he located permanently at Loretto, and founded that village in an almost impenetrable wild. Gathering about him a few settlers, he soon reared an humble chapel, and although his congregation was small, the good priest found plenty of work to do in visiting distant settlements. By becoming a citizen of the United States he incurred the displeasure of the Czar, and his estates in Russia were forfeited to his only sister, with the explicit understanding that no portion of the inheritance should accrue to his benefit. His sister, however, sent him various sums of money, all which he expended in relieving the wants and necessities of the poor and in buying land for those unable to purchase. For forty-two years the humble missionary pursued the calling which he had voluntarily chosen, when at length his health began to fail under the active work required of him, and on the sixth day of May, 1840, two attending priests and a weeping knot of his parishioners gathered around his bedside to see the Prince and missionary pass away. Calmly and peacefully he breathed his last, and his immortal soul was received by Him for whom he had renounced wealth and worldly distinction to enlist under the banner of the Cross.

At the time of his death Prince Gallitzin was in the seventieth year of his age. His remains lie in a vault just in front of the Catholic church, at Loretto. A monument marks his last resting place, but we understand that an effort is being made to have a more appropriate one placed over him.

We have followed the general thread of Miss Brownson's narrative, but our sketch conveys but a very faint outline of this work. Her history of Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin is written in the finest language; leading incidents in the career of her illustrious subject are faithfully portrayed, and taken altogether one wonders how the talented lady could have the patience to pursue the difficult task of collating all the material contained in this life. If space permitted we would publish in this connection a few extracts from the work, that would give the reader an idea of the manner in which the book has been compiled. As an interesting history of a pioneer missionary it is an invaluable contribution to literature, but it is a work of peculiar value to the people of this county, where nearly half a century of his life and labors were passed.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday evening last, Thomas Nelson, an aged and well known citizen of Altoona, and the oldest car inspector on the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, met with a horrible accident in the railroad "yard," at that place, which resulted in his death within twenty minutes thereafter. It appears that Mr. Nelson was detained until after dark inspecting several freight trains, but completing his work at near nine o'clock, he started to walk down the track in the direction of the lower shops, when several cars that were being dropped down from the upper end of the yard came along rapidly, and before the unfortunate man could leave the track, he was struck and knocked down, falling across the rail. The entire train passed over both his limbs just above the knees, severing them from the body. He only survived some twenty minutes after being picked up. The victim of this accident was a highly respected citizen of that town, and was aged about sixty years.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. ☞"Take no other." The market is full of imitations.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.—The following Deeds, &c., were left for record at the Recorder Singer's office from the 1st to the 5th of the present month:

Geo. Huntley, Assignee of Geo. J. Rodgers, to A. A. Barker, Feb'y 6, 1873, 5 acres and 111½ perches in Cambria township	$ 262.00
Lewis Dunmyer to Simon P. Dunmyer, April 1, 1870, 166 acres in Jackson township	1,260.00
Simon Dunmyer and wife to Israel Goughnour, Mar. 6, '73, 369 acres and 96 perches in Jackson twp.	9,368.40
Sheriff of Cambria county to David Brookbank, July 30, '70, 340 acres in Summerhill township	205.00
John Weakland and wife to Sarah E. Burns, Feb. 13, 1873, 58 acres in Clearfield township	700.00
Sarah E. Burns and husband to Dennis McCauley, March 7, 1873, 58 acres in Clearfield township	750.00
Paul Bender to John Bender, Feb. 13, '73, the undivided one-half of 149 acres in Clearfield township	2,794.00
Henry Pritchard and wife to Board of Trustees of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, March 6, 1873, lot in Second Ward, Johnstown	200.00
Catharine Mouse to John Herzog, March 7, 1873, 56 acres in Allegheny township	1,000.00
Geo. C. K. Zahm and wife to Jos. Gutwalt, March 7, 1873, house and lot in Ebensburg	1,550.00
W. W. Harris and others to Martin Mundy and others, June 6, 1871, house and 1 acre in Jackson twp.	200.00
Mary A. Smith to Sam'l J. Smith, Feb. 7, 1873, 35 acres and 36 perches in Richland township	850.00
Ambrose Sanker and wife to John Coyle, Jan'y 18, 1873, lot in Gallitzin township	500.00
Adam Horner and wife to Henry Rider, March 1, 1873, house and three lots in Wilmore borough	425.00
John Warefield and wife to John Smith, Jan. 28, 1873, piece of land in Summerhill township	75.00
Jno. Smith and wife to Jno. Warefield, Jan. 28, '73, 15 acres in Summerhill township	75.00
S. P. Dunmyer and wife to Samuel Leidy, Jan. 19, 1872, 126 acres and 102 perches in Jackson township	2,132.10
Dudley Blanchard and others to Charles McGough, Oct. 20, 1871, 111 acres and 64 perches in Clearfield township	444.00
M. M. Adams and wife to Mark R. McLaughlin, Aug. 17, 1872, lot in Washington township	100.00
J. C. Fisher and others to John Elder, May 7, 1839, 101 acres in Susquehanna township	101.00
John G. Miles, Ex'r of Ruth M'Connell, dec'd, to John Elder, Sept. 29, 1855, 210 acres in Chest twp.	205.00
Release—John G. Miles, Ex'r, &c., to John Elder, Sept. 29, 1855, his interest in 210 acres in Chest tp.	50.00
D. J. Morrell and wife to P. M. & J. Brown, Nov. 30, 1872, 3 lots in the village of Hemlock	205.31
Matilda Jones to David S. Black, March 24, 1873, 150 acres in Richland township	200.00

LUNG DISEASES.—*Dr. Keyser:* Your medicines have been going off slow during the Summer, but an increased demand seems to have sprung up in the past few weeks, and I am nigh out off all your preparations.—Your Lung Cure, I think, will find ready sale this winter, and if you will put in pamphlet form the article you published in the DISPATCH, it will prove a blessing to your fellow-men, and fully repay you for all your trouble and expense by a largely-increased demand for your medicines. I hope you will conclude to do it. The good advice contained in that article may save many from untimely graves, and render life happy where it would otherwise prove a burden. W. W. WILLIAMS, Louisville.

The above letter was written in reference to an article published in the DISPATCH last Winter, all the important part of which is now contained in an essay of thirty-two pages, entitled "CHRONIC LUNG DISEASES." Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure is sold at 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.; $1.50 per bottle, or four bottles for $5.00. Dr. Keyser has private Consulting Rooms in the rear of his Medicine Store. Office hours from nine A. M. until one P. M., and from two until six P. M., and on Saturdays at night.

A GOOD CHANCE FOR A BUSINESS MAN.—Owing to continued ill health, the subscriber has concluded to retire from business, and will therefore sell at wholesale, upon reasonable terms, his entire stock of

MERCHANDISE.

He will also lease his large STORE ROOM, good will and fixtures for one or more years. The stand is one of the best in the place, and the business has been increasing yearly. If the stock is not disposed of before the 12th of April next, it will be sold at public sale, by retail, due notice of which will be given. Any person desirous of purchasing can obtain all the information required by calling on the subscriber at his residence.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.

Ebensburg, March 28, 1873.-3t.

HOLLOA there! are you aware that from Huntley, the fair dealer and square, you can buy the best of hardware, and home-made tinware, and all kinds of wood ware, besides every style of glassware, and groceries cheap, fresh and rare, at prices that will for cheapness compare with those of any like dealer here or elsewhere? If you don't know these facts, call at Huntley's big house-furnishing depot, Ebensburg, and you will soon see "how it is yourself;" but if you do know them and don't act on the knowledge, we can only say that you are standing very much in your light, and the sooner you get out of it the better for your pocket-book.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.—With smiles that are sweet and a form that is neat, if your conduct's discreet, you can tempt young men to marry; but to add to the rest, you should always be dressed in goods cheapest and best, and—but just here let us tarry and invite the attention of our young lady friends and the rest of womankind, as well as mankind, to the fact that M. Bossart & Co., corner of Main and Franklin sts., Johnstown, keep just the kind of goods that will suit all tastes and please all buyers in the matter of texture, quality, beauty and price. Go, see.

HEAVEN bless S. J. Hess, who, with his brother, keeps goods so fine in the clothing line, unsurpassed by any other. Their store complete is on Main street, in famous Johnstown borough, where all will find treatment kind and never know a sorrow for having bought a bumkum lot of clothing cheap tomorrow, to-day, or at any other time, for be it known that their store, 241 and 243 Main street, is now filled to repletion with the first invoice of elegant clothing, etc., for the paring trade, that has yet reached that city.

ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN!—Andrew Moses, Merchant Tailor, 104 Clinton street, Johnstown, has just received, and is now prepared to make up in accordance with the latest fashions and in the best style of workmanship, his first invoice of spring and summer goods for gentlemen's and youths' wear. Orders taken for fine shirts, custom made, full suits, and single garments.—Workmanship unsurpassed and prices unequalled for cheapness. [3-14.-2m.]

WHEN Dame Nature begins to don her mantle of green, and the other dames and damsels commence thinking about a change of raiment suitable to the genial season now approaching, then will all feminine eyes and many feminine footsteps be turned in the direction of I. T. Coppock's renowned dress goods and dry goods bazaar, 212 Main street, Johnstown, which is *par excellence* the place to buy the choicest goods at the lowest prices.

A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—One of the *OLDEST and BEST GROCERY ROOMS* in Altoona, Pa., is now offered for rent, with a well established and paying custom. The room is the best adapted to the grocery business of any in the city.

For further particulars and terms, address T., Box 252, Altoona, Pa. [3-28.-4t.]

SOME people may talk about the big stock of flour, feed and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce persons to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this bear in mind, nowhere will you find, though you seek o'er and o'er, better flour and feed, and other things that you need, than at E. J. Mills' cheap store. Try his choice teas.

THE RIGHT WAY.—The way to get rich is to spend less money than you earn, and the proper way to do this is to buy where you can buy the cheapest, and buy only what you need. Myers & Lloyd's great mercantile mart offers the best inducements to cash purchasers in this region. Goods very cheap, very select, and very abundant.

CHAPPED hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Be certain to get the *Juniper Tar Soap*, as there are many worthless imitations made with common tar. [n.15.-12w.]

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD-LIVER OIL is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea shore from fresh, selected livers, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely *pure* and *sweet*. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market [12w.]

W. R. ELLIOTT'S ILLUSTRATED PLANT AND SEED CATALOGUE mailed FREE to all applicants.

W. R. ELLIOTT,
No. 114 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa

OBITUARY.

BENNETT.—Died at his residence in Carroll township, on Tuesday last, after a brief illness, Mr. JOHN BENNETT, aged 59 years.

Mr. Bennett was well known in this section of the country and was universally respected for his many excellent qualities, both as a gentleman and a citizen. No man in Carroll township commanded more of the esteem and respect of his neighbors and acquaintances than did Mr. Bennett. He was emphatically an honest man, the noblest work of God, and has left behind him, as a rich legacy to his family, a pure and an unsullied name. Ever green be his honored memory.

OTT.—Died, at the residence of his mother in this place, about 4 o'clock yesterday (Thursday) morning, after a few hours' illness, JOHN OTT, aged 15 years and 6 months.

WAGNER.—Died, in Cambria township, on Friday last, 4th inst., MRS. HENRIETTA WAGNER, wife of Mr. Jacob Wagner, aged 58 years, 10 months and 10 days.

EVANS.—Died, on Tuesday last, at the residence of his father in Cambria township, SAMUEL EVANS, aged about 17 years.

STOCH.—Died, in this borough, on Friday night last, CORA, infant daughter of John and Jane Stoch, aged 1 year and 15 days.

NOONAN.—In Munster township, March 18th, Mr. JEREMIAH NOONAN, in the 68th year of his age. May he rest in peace.

MARTZ.—In Cambria township, on Sunday last, of small-pox, SOPHIA MARTZ, aged about 50 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOOK HERE!

THE undersigned desires to inform the citizens of Chest Springs and vicinity that he has this day bought from Jos. A. Littlefield his BLACKSMITH SHOP, Stock and Tools, and will carry on the business in all its branches. Special attention paid to Horse Shoeing. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

☞Grain taken in exchange for work.

WM. H. JONES.
Chest Springs, April 5, 1873.-3* [11-6m.]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of George Delaney and Hugh Gallagher, Administrators of the estate of Mark McGuire, late of Gallitzin township, dec'd, notice is hereby given that I will attend the duties of said appointment, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **Monday, the 28th day of April, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M.**, when and where all persons interested may attend. J. GALLITZIN LAKE.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1873.-3t.

12 SAMPLES sent by mail for 50c. that retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, New York.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—50,000 addresses, to which specimen copies of **Smith's Magazine** will be sent *free*. Agents wanted. Write.
FLINT F. SMITH, 51 Liberty St., N. Y.

BUILDERS Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of new books on building. A. J. BICKNELL & CO., 27 Warren-st., New York.

AGENTS! A RARE CHANCE!!
We will pay all Agents $40 per week IN CASH who will engage with us AT ONCE. Everything furnished and expenses paid. Address
A. COULTER & CO., Charlotte, Mich.

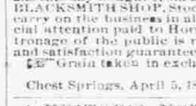
HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Paper with largest circulation in the world, grows wonderfully because it is *the best paper*, gives subscribers *the most beautiful premiums*, and offers Canvassers the most LIBERAL TERMS. Send for Circular. J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago, or San Francisco.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!
FIGHTING FIRE!
AGENTS WANTED for the *greatest* book of the year, now selling with *astonishing* rapidity. Tells of the causes of Fire; Safes; Fire-proof Buildings; Conquering Fire with Water, Steam and Gas; ISSURANCE, *is it self*. Fire History, Basis, Management, How to Insure, &c.; Vivid Accounts of the Great Fires of History. Agents send for circulars. You will not regret it. Sent free. Address Dustin, Gilman & Co., Hartford, Conn.

$10 A DAY
Easily made by an Agency of
"Our Own Family Doctor."
Best medical work extant. Everybody buys that sees it. Unusual inducements to Agents. Send for circulars and terms to HUSSEY & CO., 146 Broadway, New York.
☞An easy and sure way to make money.

CAMPHORINE!
PAIN! PAIN! PAIN!—The Great Discovery for the relief of pain and a sure and immediate for Rheumatism, chronic and acute, Sprains, &c. It has a pleasant and refreshing odor, and will not grease or stain the most delicate fabric, which makes it a luxury in every family. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.
REUBEN HOYT, Prop'r, New York.

A MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.



Everymouse caught reads the trap for another! Six sent by express for $1.—Sample by mail prepaid, 75 cts. For sale by the trade. R. E. DEITZ, Patentee, 54 and 56 Fulton St., N. Y.

We Want an Agent
In this township to canvass for the new, valuable and fast selling book by Dr. JOHN COWAN,
The Science of a New Life.
Recommended and endorsed by prominent ministers, physicians, religious and secular papers. No other book like it published. $40 per week guaranteed. Address
COWAN & CO., 139 Eighth St., New York.

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N. F. Burnham's New Turbine
WATER WHEEL
TO BE THE BEST EVER INVENTED.
PAMPHLET FREE. ADDRESS, YORK, PA.

Warren Range
First Premium Am. Inst. 1871
Double Elevated Oven, Warming Closet, Broiling Door, Fender Guard, Dumping and Shaking Grate, Direct Draft. FULLER, WARREN & CO., 236 Water street, N. Y.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence on Crawford st., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Sur

THE ATLANTIC DISASTER.

SCENE OF THE GREAT CALAMITY—WRECKS OF THE PAST.

Cape Prospect, situated on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, about twenty miles from Halifax, near the entrance to the harbor of that town, and to be henceforth ever memorable as the scene of the late terrible steamship disaster, is a stretch of high broken land extending into the sea. The appearance of this whole coast is rugged and uneven, and of a hight in some places of 500 feet, and is composed mainly of granite and primary rocks. From the configuration of this coast and the peril that would necessarily attach to any vessel driven, as was the Atlantic, upon it in such a gale as was prevailing at the time that vessel went ashore at Meagher's Head, the intelligence that a ship had thus been hurled by wind and wave upon its inhospitable shore would almost certainly imply as well that her wreck was complete. So has it too fatally proven in the case of the Atlantic, of which probably scarcely a vestige will remain afloat by the time these lines meet the eyes of our readers.

The dispatches recounting the story of the loss of the Atlantic informs us that that vessel, at the time of her destruction, was endeavoring to make the port of Halifax, which town lies some fifteen miles inland from the outer Atlantic coast, on the west side of a deep inlet called Halifax Harbor. It is the capital and chief seaport of Nova Scotia, and is the principal naval station for the British American colonies. The harbor is one of the finest in the world, and could float the entire shipping of the world. Ice rarely obstructs it, and hence its great advantages at all seasons of the year. The town, including the suburbs, is two and a half miles long and nearly one mile wide, with spacious streets that cross at right angles. The houses are mainly built of wood, plastered and stuccoed, but there are also many handsome dwellings constructed of stone. It possesses a splendid dock-yard covering fourteen acres. Numerous wharves line the water's edge, where ships discharge their cargoes. Strong forts and batteries defend the approach to the town. There is a light-house at Sambro Island, at the southwest side of the harbor, 132 feet above the level of the sea, and another farther up on Manger's Beach, called Sherbrooke tower, which displays a light fifty-eight feet above the level of the sea.

THE WRECKS OF THE PAST.

An idea of the comparative magnitude of the disaster may be obtained from the following statement of the prominent marine accidents since 1840: In the month of March, 1841, the steamer President sailed from the port of New York with a large number of passengers; when two days out she is supposed to have encountered a terrible gale, and was never again heard from. On the 28th of April, 1847, the Exmouth, an emigrant ship from Londonderry, was wrecked, and nearly 240 lives lost. A still more disastrous wreck was that of the Royal Adelaide, which occurred on the Tongue Sands, off Margate, on which occasion 400 lives were lost. In September, 1850, the Edmond was lost on the western coast of Ireland, and more than half of the 200 passengers perished. Upon the occasion of the loss of the troop-ship Birkenhead, in Simon's Bay, South Africa, in February, 1852, 454 of the crew and soldiers perished. Again, in 1853, just a year after this, the Independence took fire on the coast of Lower California, and 140 persons were consumed by the flames or drowned by the sea. In May of the same year 150 lives were lost by the wreck of the William and Mary near the Bahamas; and five months afterward 348 persons, mainly emigrant passengers, on the Annie Jane, of Liverpool, perished on the west shore of Scotland, where the vessel was beached. The Favorite, on her way from Bremen to Baltimore, in April, 1854, ran into the bark Hesper, and 291 lives were sacrificed. In May of the same year 400 officers and soldiers were lost with the Lady Nugent, a troop-ship, which foundered in a hurricane, and in the succeeding fall the United States mail steamer Arctic came in contact, during a fog, with the French steamer Vesta, and a loss of 300 lives was the result, an accident which still rings in the memory of many. The steamer City of Glasgow disappeared also before the close of this disastrous year with 480 persons on board. In 1855 the only serious marine accident was the loss of the George Canning, near the mouth of the Elbe, with 96 passengers on board. In 1855 the John, an emigrant vessel, was wrecked on the Munch Rocks, off Falmouth, on which occasion 200 lives were lost. On the 22d of February of the succeeding year the well-known Collins steamer Pacific left Liverpool for New York freighted with 186 souls, and was never again heard of. During the summer of 1857 the clipper ship Dunbar was wrecked near Sydney, and out of 121 persons on board only one was saved. In September of the same year the steamer Central America foundered at sea with 579 passengers; only 152 were rescued. On the 13th of September of the same year 317 Chinese emigrants lost their lives in consequence of the wreck of the St. Paul on the island of Rossel. Of the 419 persons on the Pomona, which was lost on Blackwater Bank, April 28, 1859, only 24 were saved. During the same year the Royal Charter was wrecked off Moelfra, with a loss of 446 lives. On the night of February 2, 1860, a new mail steamer, the Hungarian, was wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia, and all on board, 205, perished.—Ten years ago this month 237 out of 446 persons, passengers on the Anglo-Saxon, lost their lives when that steamer was wrecked off Newfoundland. In January of 1866 the steamer London foundered in the Bay of Biscay, sacrificing about 220 lives. Among the more recent losses at sea that of the City of Boston, around which still hovers an unfathomed mystery, and that of the Northfleet, are still within the recollection of the youngest.

NO LIE can be dangerous unless it be the likeness of some truth.

THOMAS CARLAND,

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All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

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VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

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HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Combs, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

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☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

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And all other description of Work in that line.

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Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.

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Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

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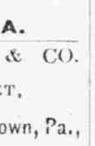

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[9-16.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.

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March 7, 1873.-3t. *GEO. C. K. ZAHM.*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

FOR BURNS.—For burns or scalds apply immediately a soft linen rag or lint saturated with strong spirits of camphor and keep it wet for an hour. You will be surprised at the relief it affords.

TO CURE A FELON ON THE HAND.—Take sassafras bark—the inside bark—dry, and grate it fine, and wet in a teacup with cold water, for a poultice. Apply to the felon, and wet once in five minutes in cold water. This, followed up, will draw it to a head in twenty-four hours, without any pain and without any injury to the hand. Use the bark of the root.

TO MAKE A WHITE FOOT, OR A STAR IN A HORSE'S FOREHEAD.—Take pickled mackerel and confine it on, in any shape you please, three or four days repeating, and it will produce a white foot, or a white spot. Rub the white saddle spot on a horse's back a few times daily in the spring of the year, before the coat is shed, with bacon grease, and it will restore the natural color.

CURE THE BABY'S COLD.—When your little baby or child is suffering with a cold, and can scarcely breathe, do not dose it with all sorts of medicines, but try this simple remedy—the best we ever knew:

Take a raw carrot, cut the top off smooth, and with a knife dig or scrape out the pith or light colored centre, making a hole in the carrot large enough to take in your largest finger. Fill the hole with white sugar, then suspend or stand the carrot up in a cool place. In about twelve hours the sugar will be dissolved, and the cavity in the carrot will be filled with a pure, golden-colored syrup. Give the child from six to twelve drops of this, from four to six times a day, according to the age of the child and the severity of the cold.—We have seen this pleasant remedy, which children readily take, because it is pure and sweet, cure cases of colds after other remedies have been given for weeks in vain. It is comparatively a new remedy, but so efficacious it seems a duty to the public to make it known. If the syrup be kept in a warm room it will sour in a few days, when it should not be used, but new made from another carrot.

SMALL-POX—A REMEDY.—*Mr. Editor:* I notice by a late issue of your valuable paper that small-pox is prevailing in many parts of the country. The following remedy is submitted if deemed worthy of publication, for the benefit of those afflicted. It has, I firmly believe, been the means of saving the life of my father. He was taken ill with the disease on the 12th of January, 1873, and suffered in great agony for a week. His head, neck and shoulders were swollen to double their usual size, and covered with peck marks; his hands were drawn crooked with pain, together with the severe sickness attending the disease; his tongue was swollen so that he could scarcely speak or swallow. The physicians gave no encouragement, and he had given up almost all hope of ever recovering. At this stage of the disease he asked for buttermilk, that he might put his hands into it. It was furnished, and no sooner had he put them in than it gave instant relief. He kept them in it for three hours, and went to sleep, not having closed his eyes in sleep for three days and three nights previous. Upon awaking, his aches, pains and fever had left, and he immediately began to recover. We then bathed him with buttermilk, letting it dry in, and then rubbed the skin with sweet oil. We also gave him the milk inwardly, and in a short time he was able to leave his room. The buttermilk appeared to allay the disease at once. Another member of the family took the disease after his recovery, and the buttermilk was again used with the same success. —*West Chester Jeffersonian.* P.

THE ALDINE for April will be received with enthusiasm and delight by every person of taste who has a grain of appreciation for the beautiful or a spark of pride in the progress of American Art. Being the latest, it is, of course, the finest of all the fine issues of all this wonderful press, and in this constant improvement may be noted the secret of the great success which this American Art Journal has achieved, where, hitherto, so many beginnings have invariably counted just so many failures. The publishers demonstrate, not only the amplest resources, but a determination to use these resources to the utmost, and this enlightened liberality in their business can have only the one result—a hold upon the popular faith that will be to them a tower of strength for all time to come. The second of the child sketches, by John S. Davis, announced as the quarterly tinted plates for this year, appears in this issue. It represents a theft of a slice of bread and butter, by a roaring cur, from a youngster who was seated in the open doorway to enjoy the balmy morning air. A shadow has in verity clouded his day, and the fast-falling drops of an April shower accompany his tearful protest. It is a very pleasing sketch, and will add to the reputation of this promising young artist. Thomas Moran presents five masterly delineations of the Yellowstone Region, one of which, "Tower Creek," a full page cutting by Linton, is a most superb specimen. The "Death Warrant of Mary Stuart" is a royal subject royally treated; and for texture and detail, is noticeable even in THE ALDINE; "A Catskill Brook," by Whittredge, will carry off the palm with very many: a pool, surrounded by forest trees, in which the beautiful white birch is conspicuous; the solitude heightened, not broken, by a pair of kingfishers, one perched upon a leafless branch, the other skimming the surface, and most enchanting vistas of dim forest distances form a picture worthy of the reputation of one of America's foremost painters. Such a spirited sketch as a "A Bare Chance," by W. M. Cary, in which one of our frontiersmen, on his gallant mustang, is brought suddenly to close quarters with a monstrous grizzly, deserves more than a passing notice, but so do the others, and space is limited. There is a perfect gem of landscape by Wimperis, the great rival of Birket Foster. "A Deserted Church," "Spring Flowers," and "O Pray my Child," an exquisite *genre* picture of the German school, complete the list of attractions which are scattered with such a generous hand among the patrons of this elegant journal. The literary contents of the April ALDINE display the usual excellence and variety. There are, for instance, three good short stories, "I Will If You Will," by Clara F. Guernsey; "The Ball on the Ice," by E. B. Leonard; and "Madame Jeannette's Papers," by Jas. Watkins. There is a careful biographical and artistic study of the life and works of "Malbone the Miniature Painter," by Osmond Tiffany; a readable paper, by the editor, descriptive of "The Yellowstone Region;" another on "The Death Warrant of Mary Stuart;" another on "An Old German Tribunal in the Harz Mountains," and, best of all, a racy little essay, by John Sidney, which would have charmed Lamb, since its theme is his prime favorite, "Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle." There are five poems, "A Gazel of Hafiz," by Henry Richards; "The Four Seasons," by S. W. Duffield; "O Pray, My Child," a translation from the German of Hoffman; "A Bare Chance," a unique little dialect poem by S. Lang—a new writer, who contests for the laurels of Bret Harte and John Hay; and the "Rosemary," another tender flowery-fantasy by Mary E. Bradley, who has already won a prominent place among the American female poets. Music and Art receive thoughtful consideration, and Literature more than usual attention, the page containing it being devoted to the late Henry Timrod, the best and most unfortunate of all the Southern poets. The story of his life, as re-told by Mr. Stoddard, from the Memoir of Mr. Paul Hayne, is the saddest literary record that we have read for years. Subscription price $5.00 including Chromos "Village Belle" and "Crossing the Moor." James Sutton & Co., publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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Animals as Weather Indicators.

An indefatigable meteorologist has gathered some curious observations on the habits of animals who, by some peculiar sensitiveness to electrical or other atmospheric influence often indicate changes of the weather by their peculiar motions and cries. Thus:

ANTS.—An universal bustle and activity observed in ant-hills may be generally regarded as a sign of rain; the ants frequently appear all in motion, and carry their eggs about from place to place. This is remarked by Virgil and others.

BATS flitting about late in the evening in spring and autumn, foretell a frost on the morrow; as do some insects, the contrary, when bats remain in their hiding places and send forth cries, bad weather may be expected.

BEETLES flying about late in the evening often foretell a fine day on the morrow.

BUTTERFLIES, when they appear, are sometimes forerunners of rain.

MOTHS and SPHINXES also foretell weather when they are running in the evening.

CATS, when they "wash their faces," or when they seem sleepy and dull, foretell rain.

CHICKENS, when they pick up more stones and pebbles, and are more noisy than usual, afford a sign of rain; and fowls rubbing in the dust and ruffling their wings; but this applies to the gallinaceous kinds of fowls, as well as to the pheasaceous kinds. Cocks, when they crow at unwonted hours, often foretell rain; and they crow all day, in summer presage a change to rain frequently follows.

DOLPHINS, as well as PORPOISES, when they come about a ship, and spouting, symbol on the surface of the water, foretell storm.

DOGS, before rain, grow sleepy and lie drowsily before the fire, and are easily aroused. They also often eat grass, which indicates that their stomachs, like ours, are apt to be disturbed before a change of weather. It is said to be a sign of change of weather when dogs bury a bark much in the night. They also bury in the earth with their feet bones, and often make deep holes in the ground.

DUCKS.—The loud and clamorous calling of ducks, geese, and other aquatic fowls, is a sign of rain; as also is their wash themselves and flutter about in the water more than usual. Virgil has described all these habits of aquatic birds.

FISHES, when they bite more freely, and gambol near the surface of the water, also foreshow rain.

FLIES, and various sort of insects, become more troublesome, and sting and bite more than usual, before rain, and in the intervals of rainy weather, particularly in autumn.

FROGS, by their clamorous croaking indicate rainy weather; as does the toad, by their coming about in great numbers in the evening—this last appearance is obviously to toads.

GEESE washing, or making unusual noise and flying to the water, also portend rain.

GNATS afford several indications. When they fly in a vortex in the beams of the setting sun, they foretell fair weather; and when they frisk about more than usual in the open air at eventide, they foreshow rain; and when they assemble under the eaves, and bite more than usual, they indicate rain.

HOGS, when they shake the straw, or corn and spoil them, often indicate rain. When they run squeaking about, and carry up their heads, windy weather is said to commence.

HORSES foretell the coming of rain by starting more than ordinarily, and by restlessness on the road.

KINE (cattle) are said to foretell rain when they lick their fore feet, or lie on their right side. Some say on their lying themselves against the barn as a sign of wet.

MICE, when they squeak much, and gambol in the house, foretell a change of weather, and often rain.

OWLS.—When an owl hoots or screams sitting on the top of the house or on the side of a window, a change of weather may be looked for.

PEACOCKS squalling by night often foretell a rainy day.

PIGEONS.—It is a sign of rain when pigeons return slowly to the dove-cot before the usual time of day.

TOADS, when they come forth in an unusual number in the evening, though the ground be still dry, foretell the coming rain, which will often fall more or less during the night.

ROBIN REDBREASTS, when they are more than usual familiarity, looking in at window-frames and peck against them with their bills, indicate severe weather, of which they have a presentiment, and brings them nearer to the habitations of man.

SPIDERS, when seen crawling up the wall more than usual, indicate rain; and in the summer, the quantity of webs which the garden spiders denote fair weather.

SWALLOWS, in fine and settled weather, fly higher in the air than they do before or during a shower or rainy day. Then, also, swallows fly low, and skimming fleetly over the surface of water, where there is tolerably long grass frequently stop and hang about the banks, as if they were gathering insects lurking there.

RAVENS, when observed early in the morning at a great height in the air, croaking round and round and uttering a hoarse croaking sound, indicate that the day will be fine. The raven frequenting the seashore and dipping himself in the water, is a sign of rain.

THE rotund maiden of the period, dressed in the fashionable low-necked style of dress, looks like an oyster on the half shell—pale, pulpy and peaceful.

INSTRUCTION ends in the school room, but education ends only with life.